

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

Steel and water and fire—wherefore
were these things made?

Water to temper me,
Fire to harden me,
Steel for my blade.
Steel and water and fire, for this were
they made.

Great is my might—
To me belong earth and men.
Who dare dispute it?
Who dare confute it?
Let him speak—I will answer.
My answers are short and swift—
One curve through the air
Like a swallow's flight—
Of his boastings—what then?

Who made me? God and the Devil.
Wherefore God made me I know not.
For He sayeth that slaughter is evil,
But the Devil—he laughed at my birth
Laughed and laughed till he shook the
earth,
And he hailed me with song and with
jest,
Saying: "Little Comrade, I love thee,
Thou art fashioned after my heart.
Strike and care not—
Strike and spare not."
Therefore, of my Creators, I love the
Devil best.

Beautiful am I,
Colder and whiter than the cold white
moon.
Were I to glisten with her in the sky.
I would change the night to noon.
Keen am I,
Even keener than the biting frost,
And keener than the cold sea-spray
By the North Wind upthosset.
And I strike and care not—
Strike and spare not—
Strike to slay.

Swift am I.
O joy, to cut the air,
Cleaving the clouds asunder,
Cleaving the sky,
Swifter than the lightning and deadlier,
Bearing no thunder on my way.

Swiftly and keenly,
Silently, cleanly,
So do I slay.

I am shining and bare
As Eve when first the world she ranged.
But ages have passed
Since first in Paradise I flamed,
Upheld in an Angel's hand.
I alone remain unchanged,
I am naked and unashamed.

Phyllis Marks.

The Bookman.

THE STREAM GOES FAST.

The stream goes fast.
When this that is the present is the
past,
'Twill be as all the other pasts have
been,
A failing hill, a daily dimming scene,
A far strange port with foreign life
astir
The ship has left behind, the voyager
Will never return to; no, nor see again,
Though with a heart full of longing
he may strain
Back to project himself, and once more
count
The boats, the whitened walls that
climbed the mount,
Mark the cathedral's roof, the gath-
ered spires,
The vanes, the windows red with
sunset's fires,
The gap of the market place, and watch
again
The colored groups of women, and the
men
Lounging at ease along the low stone
wall
That fringed the harbor; and there
beyond it all
High pastures morning and evening
scattered with small
Specks that were grazing sheep. . . . It
is all gone,
It is all blurred that once so brightly
shone;
He cannot now with the old clearness
see
The rust upon one ringbolt of the quay.

J. C. Squire.

THE NOVELS OF MR. ARNOLD BENNETT AND WESLEYAN METHODISM.

The novels of Mr. Arnold Bennett are not only acknowledged masterpieces but are among the most widely read books of our day. Their author's choice of subject, and his treatment of that subject, are both full of significance. He is determined to face the facts of modern democracy as he sees them, and finds his inspiration in the grimy thoroughfares and suburban residences of a great manufacturing center, "The Five Towns." He does not regale his readers with stories of princesses and diplomats and aristocratic adventurers, for he knows, as Whitman knew, that their tale has often been told before and in the best way, and that the tale of the milliner, the draper, and the adventurous clerk has seldom been told as it should be. He strips it of all make-believe and sentimentality, showing milliners and clerks as they act and speak in everyday life, not melodrama, and revealing those grim social facts which do much to explain their lives. His stern realism is the more impressive because he is an artist. To find and express beauty is a craving of his nature, and he discovers it often in unlikely places where it is hidden from lesser artists. He has the French love of the apt word and the fitting phrase; and in an age when novelists are careless about form and methods of presentation, he gives pleasure by providing marvels of technique.

Merely to indicate his sensibilities and achievement would require a space which the present article does not permit. But could full acknowledgment be paid to them, a further question would still arise, a question surely which must finally be asked of every novelist. How far does he truly represent humanity? Do his portraits of the men and women of commercial

England convince us by their truth, revealing human nature to us as we see it in ourselves and recognize it in others? The writer's aim in this article is to answer the above question by considering Mr. Bennett's treatment of a portion of the life of commercial England, "Wesleyan Methodism," partly because the writer knows something of Wesleyan Methodism, and partly because a novelist's treatment of a subject as vital as the creed and religious expression of a people, throws light on other aspects of his treatment.

Wesleyan Methodism is a form of religion that is either liked or disliked, loved or hated. People who know something of it or have been brought up in it, seldom feel neutral towards it as they do towards less pronounced forms of religious life and belief. Mr. Bennett certainly does not feel neutral; he hates it. Even if he did not go out of his way to say so, we should discern this hatred after reading his first description of a Methodist official or of any ceremonial in which Methodists take part. We scarcely need the following admission concerning *Edwin Clayhanger*:

It was at the sessions of the Bible Class that Edwin, while silently perfecting himself in the art of profanity and blasphemy, had in secret fury envenomed his instinctive mild objection to the dogma, the ritual, and the spirit of conventional Christianity, especially as exemplified in Wesleyan Methodism. He had left Mr. Peartree's Bible class a convinced anti-religionist, a hater and despiser of all that the Wesleyan Chapel and Mr. Peartree stood for. He deliberately was not impartial, and he took a horrid pleasure in being unfair. He knew well that Methodism had produced many fine characters, and played a part in

the moral development of the race; but he would not listen to his own knowledge. Nothing could extenuate for him the noxiousness of Methodism.

Wesleyan Methodism in its origin was a challenge to men and women, and even its most conventional forms continue to make large claims on the allegiance of individuals. It is not merely that members are expected to devote large portions of their time and money to the service of their Church, but they are deprived often of social status and the opportunities that belong to it. Their religion is that of trading and artisan England, not of professional and upper class England, and it is this rather than any theological peculiarity which condemns it in the eyes of a large number of English people. It is associated in their minds with shop-assistants and agricultural laborers and the association is a right one. These were the people who joyfully received the Gospel that Methodism had to preach, and so long as that Gospel continues there will be shop-assistants and agricultural laborers among the honored members of a Methodist Society.

Quite naturally therefore, Mr. Bennett gives Wesleyan Methodists a prominent place in his picture of a democratic community. When his hero and heroine profess any religion at all it is that of the Wesleyan Methodists, the traditional religion of traders and artisans. Even when they are antagonistic to its claims like Edwin Clayhanger, they are not absolved from a lifelong contest with it. The fact that Clayhanger refuses to become District Treasurer of the Additional Chapels Fund does not end the struggle. Methodism is always on the outskirts of his life, a portentous and immovable presence, challenging and irritating him. But the majority of Mr. Bennett's characters do not criticise their Methodism or even contest it. They accept it magnificently as it is, attend-

ing its services and filling its offices, convinced that their form of worship is the best possible, and that all others are inferior to it. Their Methodism indeed has become part of the local clan life of the district, separating them from the other clans.

This assumption, like many others that appear unreasonable, had its origin in the past. The Methodist Societies of a hundred years ago lived apart from the world around them, partly because they professed aims and experienced joys which were not shared by most of their neighbors, and partly because those neighbors despised Methodists and eschewed their society. The tale of these early Methodists, their joys and sorrows, privations and heroism, though known to a few, is still unknown to the majority of their fellow-countrymen, and this ignorance is not surprising; it is the fate of most religious heroes.

But Mr. Bennett is naturally concerned with the great-grandchildren of early Methodists, and sternly ignores the shades of heroic ancestors. He brings his searchlights to play on the aims and motives of persons who use phrases and sing hymns which imply supernatural standards of conduct on the part of those who utter them. So the question that forces itself on the mind of his readers is this: In what do the people of the Wesleyan Methodist clan really differ from those of other clans? Are their vital interests and occupations different from those of other human beings?

Now the vital interests of human life as pictured by Mr. Bennett are two-fold, the passion for making money and the sex passion. The supreme aim of a man's life, he shows, is and should be to make money. By his ability to do this he wins both his own self-respect and the esteem of those around him. When he is a superior order of man like Clayhanger or the Card, he

longs to perfect his talents or to embark on adventures, but always with the prospect of money at the end of the labor and the adventure. A labor indeed and an adventure that did not hold out this prospect would not be worth the undertaking; for the ultimate value of every activity in the Five Towns of commercial England is its equivalent in cash. In no other British novel, surely, is the all pervading money value so predominant; and the Methodist clan, as pictured by Mr. Bennett, forms no exception to the rule. Its members are equally dominated by the passion for money getting and the prime necessity for seeing all things in their cash equivalents: Methodists who are loyal to their Church and devoted to its welfare bring their monetary values into its affairs and councils. Occasionally the master passion of their lives breaks all restraint, and we have pictures like that of Ephraim Tellwright, the Methodist miser and the wretched Sunday-school superintendent who commits suicide in his clutches.

But athwart this passion for hard cash gleams the attraction and the passion of sex. The hero on his quest has to meet the heroine on hers. Now the women characters of Mr. Bennett are exceedingly interesting, and quite the most significant in his portrait gallery. They merit examination not only because many of them profess the religion of Methodism, and are therefore relevant to the purpose of this article, but because ordinary women have seldom received the dispassionate and minute treatment of Mr. Bennett. Ordinary women, as a rule, do not interest the male novelist except in so far as they touch the lives and meet the needs of the men around them. But Mr. Bennett's heroines have a history apart from the heroes. Many of them have to earn their own living, and, contrary to established opinion, take a

distinct pleasure in doing so. Into the struggle and adventure for cash they enter, often with much of the zest of the hero, keeping their own counsel and hardening their hearts, as he does. Should marriage relieve them from bearing the brunt of the battle, they still participate in it, because they, too, need money to spend or to save, and always acquiesce in those methods which seem likely to obtain it.

Heroines like Leonora, who neither toil nor spin, are careful to bestow their favors on men of means; and when the hero keeps a shop his wife can actively share in the business. She becomes then, in a true sense, the life-long partner of her husband. The ecstasy of their early married life fades into a memory of the past, but neither differences of temperament nor of point of view can dissolve the golden link which makes their financial interests one.

The sex passion therefore does not seriously clash with the hero's financial prospects, as the heroine either shares his passion or is imbued from her youth up with an immense respect for cash values; and the heroines who profess Wesleyan Methodism form no exception to the rule. Methodism cannot deliver Anna Tellwright from the sway of a miserly father or prevent her from carrying out his merciless precepts. As an heiress she is a financial asset to the man who loves her, but beyond that cardinal fact she has no influence on his business methods and no interest in the human beings whom he employs, and that is the case with most wives of wealthy men in the Five Towns. Even if they were not there, their husband's business would go on just the same, as that business is a prime necessity and an end in itself.

But there are other sides of men's lives which they do affect very much. No other English novelist has devoted so much care and attention to the

middle-class woman in her home.* The Card, as well as Edwin Clayhanger, knows on opening his own front door, that he is entering a realm which he no longer controls. Yet his wife is the reverse of assertive, and is the very opposite of Clayhanger's masterful wife. As a girl she was a sweet, clinging creature who evoked the sympathy and the chivalrous instinct of the man who married her. But as wife and mother she has become a woman of power. Most of the women who preside over the domestic realm are in Mr. Bennett's eye women of power, and their power often is in inverse proportion to their ability to use it.

What pictures of powerful and incompetent mothers he gives in those professing Methodists, Mrs. Baines and her daughter Constance. Constance can never say "No" to her only son, who disregards in consequence all her wishes; and when her husband throws himself into the cause of a fellow-citizen she impedes him to the best of her power, because she cannot understand why he should imperil his health and personal ease for one who does not belong to the family circle. The four walls which had always confined her, draw closer about her as she grows old, until she becomes a prisoner within them. Yet the four walls are merely the shell of what was once a home, and she has both the means and the opportunity to procure change of scene as well as domestic improvement. But she clings to the shell and knows no life outside its senseless routine, yet she is a member of the Wesleyan Communion, and on the day before her death the minister pays her a visit. The religion that he represents, however, is powerless either to comfort her heart or to enlarge and beautify her life.

*Imagine Rudyard Kipling or Sir Conan Doyle or Rider Haggard or any other typical British novelist devoting the pages which Mr. Bennett does, to detailed descriptions of household life and domestic management.

Religion also is unable to curb and guide the powers of women like Auntie Hamps and Aunt Harriet, against whom the novelist bears a special grudge, and who work havoc in households which are not theirs. The fact that such persons profess to "lean hard" on certain tenets of their religion increases their repulsiveness. They "lean hard" on the unfortunate young people whom they crush and misunderstand, and worship heathen gods, the conventions and prejudices of people who are ignorant and well-to-do.

Through sheer observation of the facts, therefore, Mr. Bennett has depicted a certain equality between men and women. Women have disabilities and limitations imposed upon them, but they also have special privileges and powers. The hunger for money and the desires of sex belong to them as well as to men, and religion cannot deliver either men or women from excess in these cravings or atone for any lack in their satisfaction.* Both hero and heroine are in bondage to the master passions, and from their heart at times goes up a cry for deliverance. Anna Tellwright at the Revival Service prays in vain for a power that will lift her above herself, and in so doing is typical of the novelists' better characters. But the religion which they profess has no power to deliver or heal. It is part of their everyday life, an inseparable adjunct of it, like the streets of the Five Towns and the furniture of their best parlors, but it has no concern with the most absorbing things in their lives, money and sex.

Mr. Bennett cannot conceive of Methodism as a positive power delivering men and women in the hour of

*In the sins of sex he regards men and women as equally guilty. Other novelists often try to account for and condone such sins, either from the man's point of view or the woman's; but Mr. Bennett sternly refuses to do this. The moral sensibilities of the governess Mademoiselle Renee are as deadened and perverted as those of her employer, and the novelist makes no attempt to excuse the sin of either.

their Destiny; he does perceive it as a force that is able to restrain them. Sophia Eaines is not saved in the hour of her Destiny, but when she has taken the fatal step, the inherited instincts of Methodist forbears prevent her from sinking into the mire. With a passion that surprises herself as much as the reader, she retains her purity and self-respect in the world of Paris, driving hard bargains with the sinners around her. In the Siege of Paris she makes a corner in provisions, and when it is over runs a boarding-house famous for its first-rate management and unimpeached respectability. She takes a grim pleasure in her own business acumen, but she lives joyless and self-centered, a splendid icicle in the glittering life of Paris. Yet she is full of glorious capacity for joy—joy that her pride and youthful sin make forever impossible.*

Methodism, therefore, in the Five Towns restrains the actions of certain people and finds employment for a smaller number. But it is quite exceptional for men and women to take joy in their religion. That it is possible to experience true delight in its service or anything approaching poetic rapture never occurs to them. Its officials are either creatures of routine or apostles of gloom. Yet it is the ecstasy, the emotional excess of Methodism that distinguishes it from other forms of religious life. In temper often it has been Catholic and Southern rather than Protestant and British, for which reason it has never quite won the approval of many sober, clear-headed people. There were terrors in early Methodism, but the terrors had corresponding joys, though these unfor-

*Part of Mr. Bennett's power consists in making us feel this. The capacities of many heroes and heroines of fiction do not impress us. When they miss joy we do not feel that they have missed much, because their joy, like themselves, would lack zest and color and be of a mild, watery description. But it is the reverse with his characters, who are full of wonderful vitality and never cease craving for and demanding their birthright.

tunately have attracted less attention, just as the joys of Dante's *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* have been overshadowed by the more sensational horrors of his *Inferno*.

In Mr. Bennett's picture of the people called Methodists there is only the terror, the terror not of a distant theological hell but of a judgment here and now on the sins and frailties of men:—

It is strange how Fate persists in justifying the harsh generalizations of Puritan morals, of the morals in which Constance had been brought up by her stern parents. Sophia had sinned. It was therefore inevitable that she should suffer. An adventure such as she had in wicked and capricious pride undertaken with Gerald Scales, could not conclude otherwise than it had concluded. It could have brought nothing but evil.—*Old Wives' Tale*.

This view of human life might be described as an obsession with him. Not only does he frequently reiterate it but it is stamped on every tale that he tells. When the sinner himself is unable to pay the full penalty, his child or some other innocent person does it in his stead. On the pure soul of Annunciatà falls the burden and guilt of her father's sin. She atones for that which the previous habits and dulled consciences of her parents do not permit them to expiate. Even in those cases where his men and women seem to evade all those penalties which they should rightly incur, we feel that their fate is only postponed. Leonora has extraordinary luck and secures perhaps a temporary respite, but she no more than anybody else will evade judgment or obtain peace of mind and the satisfaction of her cravings.

Such, then, is the picture that the novelist paints of Methodist people in commercial England, and no truthful person can deny the accuracy of his portraiture. What he has seen he has

faithfully reproduced, and Methodists who do not blind their eyes to the facts, know that he has seen a good deal. He sees money values dominating the councils of that Church just as they dominate other councils of men, and he observes men and women conducting their love affairs like their business transactions, in watertight compartments which deny their own hymns. He sees routine and triviality in places where they need not exist and in the sheltered homes of well-to-do people he perceives beautiful young life, rich in promise of power and joy, but doomed by parental selfishness and its own frailty to incur terrors of judgment in the future. Somber and gloomy as the picture is, it is scarcely a surprising one. No careful observer of modern Methodism could fail to perceive what Mr. Bennett has so brilliantly depicted.

But what is astonishing is that which the novelist has not seen. He only sees the rich people sitting in the front pews and those clients who sit behind them. There are Methodist heroes and heroines of whom he knows nothing; who lack indeed the instinct for cash values but are alive with other instincts. For every parody of Methodism pictured by Mr. Bennett it is easy to name a dozen persons who are a credit to it. But the dozen are often unknown people who do not proclaim their own virtues, though they are to be found everywhere, even in the chapels of the Five Towns. There are unselfish dress-makers and shop-assistants, cheery carpenters and men of business, into the secret of whose lives Mr. Bennett has never seen, for they are outside the glittering circle in which cash values and the sex passion reign supreme. Even to that circle surely he is often unfair. Its men and women cherish aspirations and perform kindly acts which have escaped his observation. There are wealthy men who know

how to be generous and really attractive women who can be unselfish. In the chapel of the Five Towns sit quiet men and women—ministers' wives, chapel keepers, and obscure Sunday-school teachers—who could tell tales of the congregation that he cannot. For every sin and longing after sin they could cite a good deed (forgotten perhaps by the doer) and tell tales that would break the heart of how sinful men longed and strove after righteousness.

The people who really know seldom write. As a writer himself, Mr. Walter Bagehot once put it: "The worst of people who write is that they know so little." But the art of expression when it is understood and perfected, is such a wonderful thing that it is easy to credit the masters of it with a knowledge they do not possess. Mr. Bennett can see religion as a restraining force in the lives of sinful human beings and, on certain emotional occasions, as an unlovely demand for repentance and righteousness. What he cannot perceive is that Methodism, or any other religion, should provide the poetry and passionate inner secret of a life. Religion to him is never a vital, creative thing that causes the heart to sing. He does not see that the religion which he despises has provided more than revival meetings and popular preachers and prohibitions; it has provided the inner poetry of lives, and that is the real power of Methodism or any other religion—its poetry. Into the lives of toiling and struggling men and women a secret joy has entered, a passion which lifts them above the world. Bit by bit it has illuminated and moulded other passions, delivering them from egoism.

The writer recollects a carpenter to whom it was said: "I believe you are a Methodist?" Instantly his face was transformed, as he dropped his tools out of sheer delight. "I am, Mum.

Our circuit is ——, and our minister the Rev. ——, is a fine fellow." Then he began relating the trials and victories of his church, while his face shone like that of a poet declaiming his own verse.

On another occasion the writer used to visit an old lady, who was not only an intense Methodist, but one whose religion had opened her heart and mind to the needs and interests of the world around her. Of education in the ordinary sense she had had none, but she read her newspaper daily, after her chapter in the Bible, and gleaned from them and other sources an amount of information that was sometimes disconcerting to her listener. She was a working woman, and had had a family of sons and daughters to bring up, but she knew more of the public life of England than most women of the leisured middle-class. Religion by cleansing her heart had illuminated her brain; and the same phenomenon has been seen again and again in the towns and villages of England. Men who would otherwise be loafing over the village bar have been so quickened by their study of the Bible and the institutions of their church, that they take an intelligent interest in human life. As class leaders and local preachers they have been trained not only to study and to express themselves, but to guide the lives of others and to manage the affairs of a community.

The Contemporary Review.

The position which Methodism accords to her laity, while insisting on certain ministerial privileges, is very remarkable, and has done more to uplift and educate influential groups of working men than many a direct educational agency. The Methodist church has penetrated behind counters and into back parlors which were hermetically sealed against the ordinary avenues of culture. Indeed, like the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the writer feels powerless to indicate the number of those who have lived and died in a faith that taught them to view the everyday world in the light of a vaster, unseen world. By such men and women surely rather than by its hypocrites and backsliders Methodism should be judged,—even in the Five Towns.

Yet Mr. Bennett's portraits, like the distorted and grotesque figures seen in dreams, have a haunting quality; for they reveal with a grimness equal to that of any mediæval or early Methodist preacher, the fate of men and women who are impenitent egoists, chained to self and its desires. Their bodies are well fed and comfortably housed in a corner of commercial England, but their state of mind often recalls those visions of a Hell where men lie imprisoned in burning tombs, and chase along arid plains banners which elude and mirages that fade. In their hearts, as in that Hell, the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

Dorothea Price Hughes.

REIMS REVISITED.

When M. Briand was so gracious as to invite me from London to visit Reims on the second anniversary of the burning of the cathedral, my first impulse was to shrink from accepting so painful a privilege. My thoughts went back to another Reims, glorious

in the beauty of holiness, thronged on the morning of an Easter Sunday with innumerable worshipers, dim with its tides of incense, sonorous with its choirs of triumphant voices proclaiming that Christ was risen. It seemed impossible to face the ordeal of com-

paring that scene of splendid ecclesiastical vitality with the ruin, the profanation, the death of so much loveliness. But by a swift reaction, curiosity overcame all qualms, and I accepted M. Briand's invitation eagerly and gratefully.

On September 21, in company with my illustrious friend M. Maurice Barrès, who also had not revisited Reims since the war, I left Paris. We traveled in charge of a distinguished French officer, Captain Bloch-Laroque, to whose courtesy and zeal I am greatly indebted. Reims is still completely isolated from the rest of France by railway. It is not always the ruin of the most picturesque objects which distresses the spirit most, and I am not sure that anything is more appalling at Reims than the desolation of the great railway station, always, in time of peace, a beehive by night as well as by day, and now facing the silent Boulevard des Promenades in a complete silence, with its shattered frames and windows, and dock plants growing eight feet high in its courtyard. This, in parenthesis, to explain that Reims has no communication by railway with the rest of France.

We started from Epernay, which is now the nearest point between Reims and the normal world. It was natural to look around for changes in this pleasant town of wines, but the Boches in their rush seem to have touched no hair of the head of Epernay. Old friends, such as the Palais de Justice and the church, were evidently uninjured, and the only change I detected in Epernay was the existence on the bank of the Marne of a terrible monument, gilded pagoda, or preposterous campanile, erected, so I learned, as a gigantic advertisement of the celebrated local wines. After leaving Epernay, our War Office motor sped over a terrible road that was ravaged by gun-carriages, and it shot ahead

with such vehemence that M. Barrès and I were flung about almost as alarmingly as Queen Elizabeth was on her celebrated journey from Windsor to Westminster. Along the pleasant Champagne countryside we proceeded, through the very center of the *grande région viticole*, where little hamlets of the color of a harvest-mouse lurk in folds of the long vine-covered inclines; and then presently between vast light woods, the heart of what is called the Forest of the Mountain of Reims, guarded, as we went further and further north, by ever more frequent sentries. This gradual increase of evidence of a state of war seemed to interfere in no wise with the quiet industry of the fields.

But, after passing the hamlet of Montbré on the further slope of the mountain, at a turn of the road the cathedral of Reims suddenly appeared, far away, a dark purplish-gray silhouette against the pale gray sky. A moment this of high emotion. I confess my first impression was one of grateful surprise. There, at least, it still is—the monument of monuments, the wonder of Christendom. Somehow, one expected, irrationally, to see it from afar a mutilated fragment, crushed halfway to the ground. Later, I will repeat a similar impression, of far more importance, reported to me by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop. Meanwhile, one notes that from a distance the familiar outline is not changed; the structure seems unaffected in its general design.

Presently we lose it in the slow descent to the river Vesle, and we enter the southern suburb, the Faubourg Flechambault. Here surprise increases; all these small houses, trifling shops, and straggling rudiments of a great city say nothing to the eye. All is silent; the shops are mostly shut; the long street is nearly empty, but scarcely more so than would be

the case on any sleepy afternoon in autumn. As a matter of fact, what remains of the population of Reims mainly consists of the poor inhabitants of the suburb of Flechambault. We cross the river, and then the Aisne à la Marne Canal; still little that is sensational. Here some windows broken; there a chimney chipped. Bent on producing his *coup de théâtre*, Capt. Bloch-Laroque whirls us through a street or two, and abruptly, violently, we are in the desolate Place du Parvis, and draw up exactly opposite the great west front of the cathedral.

It is difficult to express without an appearance of affectation what the emotion is which this sudden sight produces. The cathedral, in its present state, has been described as a ghost, but that does not seem to me a happy similitude; the structure is too solid, the aspect too material for that. Say rather that it is a corpse. To gaze at it from the Place du Parvis is like being confronted with the dead body of some beautiful great lady, whose presence has always sparkled before us in the splendor of her high vitality. Here she still is, but empty of life, shorn of all her vivacious glory, with no motion in her hands, no light in her hair; from being an object of majesty and pride reduced to be an object of anguish and pity. No longer would it seem extravagant to hear, as I was presently to hear from the lips of residents in Reims, that when the humblest inhabitants of the outer suburbs crept in to see their cathedral burning, they wept, and wrung their hands, and wailed aloud. The queen of their desire was dead.

We recover our powers of calm observation, and as we gaze up at the vast façade towering above us we try to define the change in the general character of its appearance. Of this I can give no more exact idea than by saying that a cobweb seems to have been

drawn over the whole of it. There it is before us, colossal and superb, but we rub our eyes. What, we ask ourselves, can be the cause of this dimness, this immaterial look?—for the cathedral is “pinnacled” indeed, but, as Shelley would say, “in the immense inane.” After some moments of reflection the cause of this cobwebbed effect flashes across the mind. In its pristine state the sculptured detail of the great west front, with its traceries and its pierced galleries, its tiers on tiers of triumphant saints and angels, was sharply drawn everywhere, with a profusion of lines all pure and clear. Now, no salient part has been actually removed, but the sculptured detail has been chipped and calcined, broken and stained, so that all the exquisite harmony of the lines is suppressed, veiled, made inexact and ineffective. It cannot be too distinctly explained, I think, to those who have not seen the cathedral of Reims that it is not precisely a ruin, but it is like some delicate object of art that rough children have been playing with. It retains its shape and substance, but it is dirtied and chipped and degraded.

With regard to the west front, moreover, I think it is only proper that the extent and character of the damage done should not be misstated. It is easy to pile up adjectives and swell the tragedy, which is dreadful enough without any such exaggeration. Let it be admitted at once that the city of Reims presents scenes of mutilation, not so important, of course, but infinitely more extensive, than the west front. For one thing—and this was a great surprise to me—the sculptures round the three great doors were protected early in the siege by a most complete and ingenious system of sandbags. Behind this fortification I was permitted to squeeze myself, and, so far as I could judge, the statues which we know so well are in the condition—already considerably worn by time—

in which they stood before the war. Several heads and hands are broken off, but—I speak without book—it seems to me that some of this damage was done already. Higher up, where protection from the enemy was impossible, the injury is still more deplorable, yet much remains. I am not competent to describe the architecture or the sculpture in detail, but I could not but recognize, intact, the pensive head of the bishop who stands out at the corner of what I take to be the *galérie des rois*. I thought I noticed, what appears a paradox, that the statues which stand deep in niches have suffered more severely than those which are exposed to the light on three sides.

There can be no question that the most complete and searching damage to the cathedral was caused by the fire and not by the projectiles as such. The action of the flames, which were driven by the draught caused by the holes in the roof and windows strongly against the exterior as well as the interior of the west front, has corroded the stone, which presents from outside a very odd hue, a sort of blanched red or dusty rust color, from which rains have washed away all the blackness of smoke or soot, and have left a dreadful livid pallor, very shocking to the eye. The result of this penetration of the calcining flames is most manifest in the statues which form the second row above the ground over the three great doors. Here the heat from within seems to have positively dislodged and thrust out many of the statues, and to have so far sealed the surface of the others that it has become difficult to distinguish the design in detail. On the sides of the right-hand doorway, and to some lesser degree elsewhere, there are curious shallow hollows, like the marks left by fossils detached from a chalk cliff, which I take to be the result of blows from shreds of German shells.

It seems to be part of the glorious history of the cathedral of Reims that it should be the prey of the incendiary at various intervals. The romanesque basilica where St. Rémy baptized King Clovis was burned in the ninth century and was replaced by a larger and more sumptuous church, which itself fell a victim to the flames on May 6, 1211. A certain mystery hangs over this event, it having been early suggested that Archbishop Albéric Humbert connived at the destruction that he might celebrate his own episcopate by the erection of a colossal monument on the same sight. At any rate, with inconceivable rapidity the Archbishop so pushed on the work that, according to another Albéric, the chronicler Des Trois-Fontaines, in no more than twenty years a cathedral unparalleled for magnificence stood finished in the center of Reims. But a third conflagration was to undo his work in part, for on July 24, 1481, a violent fire broke out on the roof of the cathedral, destroyed the five leaden spires of the transept, and calcined the elaborate carven parapet which had just been added. The molten lead poured in a river of fire into the aisle and out into the street, carrying destruction with it. Louis XI is said to have been enraged at this disaster, which he attributed to the carelessness or even to the malignity of the canons, and their Chapter fell under a royal displeasure which became traditional till the end of the eighteenth century.

These fires, however, were normal and almost insignificant by the side of that unnatural horror which fell from the sky in the third week of September, 1914. The story of the bombardment has been often told, though with a certain confusion of detail which should surprise no one who considers the whirlwind of terror and confusion which the event was bound to cause. The coolest inhabit-

ant might lose his head in the midst of this hail of iron and lightning of flame descending no one knew exactly whence at the fitful whim of an invisible enemy. At the first attack thirty bombs were seen to strike the cathedral in quick succession. These were principally effective on the upper part of the northern tower, the wall of which they smashed; a flying buttress was struck and broken; a part of the balustrade under the great rose window was crumpled up like cardboard; these and other injuries were noted as early as September 17. Day by day the attack grew more intense and the evidence of its progress more vague and agitated. A shell penetrated the roof of the apse; three others exploded on the porch, destroying several statues and smashing half the glass of the great rose window and most of the windows of the gallery. Then followed the vindictive and, to my mind, incomprehensible destruction of the Archbishop's Palace and of the adjacent Salle du Tau; and, finally, an inflammatory obus set fire to the straw which had been laid down in the nave for the German wounded, and the whole interior of the church incontinently roared like a furnace.

To realize the effect of the fire, it is necessary to go inside. But entrance is strictly forbidden, the inspectors of the Administration des Beaux Arts having been doubtful whether a sudden collapse of the structure was not to be apprehended. However, M. Barrès and I, to whom nothing was denied, were admitted to view the interior at our leisure. Doubtless, because of the embargo laid upon it, a legend has grown up of the absolute desolation and decrepitude of the great church as seen from within. In Paris itself I was asked whether there was any semblance of architecture left, whether it was not a mere shell, a ruin blasted and pierced out of all recognition. By

no means is this the case. When we penetrate the west front by the side door, the first impression is that of a very bare large church of the Protestant sort, such as Trondhjem or Peterborough. All evidence of confusion, all dirt and dust and *débris*, all fragments of chipped stone and broken glass and twisted metal have been removed. The cathedral is empty of all ornament, it is severely swept and cleansed, but it is still a cathedral. The most disconcerting object which meets and annoys the eye is the central candelabrum, which hangs from the ceiling and lolls lugubriously on the floor of the nave; if this deplorable wreck were taken away, the general aspect of the interior would be almost reassuring.

It is a mistake to think that the cathedral is a ruin open to the sky. The vaulting, though its upper surface was destroyed, remains unbroken, and such gaps as the bombs created seem to have been temporarily filled up. The aspect of the interior is dry and neat. The progress of the fire can be traced by a dark line on the floor. The choir was invaded by it and the stalls were burned, but the flames just lapped the foot of the high altar without injuring it. Portions of the building which seem peculiarly open to the attacks of fire have escaped miraculously. The remarkable, but not beautiful, organ, a modern work, is untouched, and, if my memory serves me right, the famous *horloge du chœur*, which has marked the division of the sacred offices for generations, is intact. I was not able clearly to discover what has become of the innumerable works of art which made the interior of the cathedral a museum. First and foremost, of course, one's inquiries were made about the unsurpassed series of tapestries, which I had the pleasure of seeing wholly exhibited on Easter Sunday so long ago as 1882. One is

assured that the best of these are safe in Paris; but undoubtedly some of them were burned. The pictures were not remarkable, and, strangely enough, some hang there still. I could get no information about the famous Trésor, which contained such admirable things as the Sanson reliquary of the twelfth century and the extraordinary fragment of sculpture (of the same age) known as the Bâton de St. Gibrien. It is part of the desolation of Reims that no one remains in the city whose business it is to know these things.

The highest artistic interest attaches to the glass in the windows, the jeweled richness of the great window over the door being particularly admired. This was that "Rose au cœur vermeil, tremblante de lueurs," that the poets of Reims have celebrated. Here there is no question that terrible havoc has been done both by shells and conflagration. Yet even here it is needless to exaggerate. All is not destroyed. Of the western rose about half remains, and of the exquisite windows on the right-hand side of the choir several of the most beautiful—those in which the prevailing color is something greener than all blues and bluer than all greens—are certainly but little injured, if at all. Some *vitraux* that have peculiarly suffered were gaudy affairs of a late date, whose loss may wring no artist's heart. No doubt several of the oldest windows present a very confused design to the unaided eye, but I think that if any part of these had been blown out or calcined, a brightness of outer sky would reveal the loss. We may be apt to forget that the windows had suffered many injuries and frequent dreadful restorations long before the war. There have been previous losses, and we need not gratify German malignity by attributing to it what is the result of seven centuries of wear and tear.

Once more we emerged into the

mournful Place du Parvis, which two little boys in blouses and one old woman seemed but to make more pathetically deserted. But a note of hope and of defiance was struck immediately as my eyes, directed smilingly by Captain Bloch-Laroque, fell on the equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc, the masterpiece of Paul Dubois, which stands immediately in front of the great west door. The Maiden, with the flag of France waving in her mailed fist, seems to have just ridden back out of the cathedral, intoxicated with benediction and glory. And by what the Rémois may well be forgiven for regarding as a miracle, she sat her horse there in the Place du Parvis through the whole bombardment, while explosives were raining down on everything around, without receiving the smallest injury. Not a scratch, not a stain has been left on the bronze of that inviolable virgin. And just round the corner of the church, facing the Pompeii of the devastated quarters of the city of which I shall presently speak, high up the façade, stands out, wholly untouched, the colossal stone cock, the chanticleer of royal France, with wings uplifted, crest alert, and beak wide open to welcome the triumphant sunrise.

Les saints ont pu crouler, sombrer
flèches et croix,
Hélas et mesurer la terre bien des
anges,—
Ce coq sur le forêt de pierre est tou-
jours droit.

There is something mysteriously comforting and quasi-miraculous about the preservation, in the midst of such chaotic ruins, of the two cardinal symbols of the pride of France—Jeanne la Bergère and Le Coq de Reims.

But a hand plucks M. Barrès by the sleeve, and we turn to see a dejected countenance, that of the landlord of the Lion d'Or, that eminent hostelry where so many English visitors in past

years have been excellently lodged. I look up from him and recognize the window of the bedroom I myself once occupied, whence I was scarcely able to drag myself away from the nocturnal mystery of the cathedral exactly opposite, lifting its forest of stone, far up above me and out of sight; where, in the morning, the flutter of doves in the sunshine seemed the veritable unfolding of angels' wings across the cliffs of heaven. But the poor landlord! He murmurs to M. Barrès I know not what tale of misfortune. His house has not been bombarded, but his trade is all gone, he drags on a miserable existence. Even the French officers have deserted him for another hotel, and no tourists are allowed to come. We have no consolation to give to this "wretched wight, alone and palely loitering," for our own meal is being prepared elsewhere, but the author of *La Grande Pitié des Eglises de France* soothes him with soft words. This corner of the square is not visibly injured, nor the house where the poet of Reims, Paul Fort, was born.

Nothing, however, that we have yet seen can compare for annihilation with the state of the archiepiscopal palace, which faces us when we turn our backs on the Lion d'Or. It is difficult to give a conception of the appearance of what was once this famous and sumptuous building of the late fifteenth century. There seems, at first, to be absolutely nothing on the site to see. A low edge of the base of the walls runs round four sides of a vast empty space; it is like a dustman's tray with a little collection of rubbish at each corner. This is what remains of the noble palace founded by Archbishop Briconnet in 1498. By degrees the eye learns to distinguish certain objects at the further, that is at the northern, corner, where, protected in measure from the fury of the shells by the adjoining houses of the Rue des

Anglais, some fragments do persist. Portions of the great Salle des Rois, with, adjoining it, the robes-room used by the Kings of France at their coronation, maintain a perilous existence, especially the sumptuously decorated chimney-piece. The devoted concierge of the archiepiscopal palace, who now looks after the interior of the cathedral, gave me an interesting account of his efforts to save this chimney-piece, and of his daily examination of its condition, since he fears that at any moment it may collapse in a heap of ruins. All the elaborate ornament of the rest of the palace has wholly disappeared; it was locally attributed to "le célèbre Gosse." I know not whether I may claim kinship with this artist, of whom I am lamentably ignorant.

We entered the motor again and sped to Saint-Rémy. This is, in its nucleus, the oldest ecclesiastical building in Reims, and, after the cathedral, by far the largest. It stands at the extreme south of the city, and therefore as far as possible from the line of German attack; the Boches, nevertheless, have not entirely spared it. It is approached from the west, through the Place de l'Hôtel Dieu, a square in normal times thronged with people, now as empty of all life as a circus in Palmyra. We had heard in Paris that public education in Reims was still carried on in cellars, and M. Barrès was much desirous to see one of these subterranean schools. The Place de l'Hôtel Dieu now contained one chubby little boy, who was a willing capture, and who conversed with ease. "Did he go to school?" "Yes, every day!" "Was the school in a cellar?" "Oh, no!" "Where was it then?" "In a *maison*." "But in what kind of a *maison*?" "Just an ordinary *maison d'école*." And from this scion of Reims we could get not a word that was educationally sensational. Life,

even in Reims, becomes partly normal after two years' suspense. The Church of St. Rémy has been greatly injured in past years by successive restorations, all equally unfortunate. What it is celebrated for is its magnificent glass windows. As to the fate of these, I had been asked before I left England to make particular inquiry. Those of the nave, I was told, were taken out and sent to Paris before the bombardment became serious, but by far the most precious were those, dating from the beginning of the thirteenth century, in the apse. These were partly boarded up, but not moved in time, and I fear that their condition, which it is difficult to verify, is deplorable.

The difficulty of obtaining information on the spot is greater than one would be ready to suppose. The horrible storm of fire and death has had the effect of confusing the memory of survivors, and different people, all in obvious good faith, produce opposite statements on the best of evidence. For instance, at St. Rémy the statue of the Virgin in the center of the main portal has had the head knocked off, and the wound seems perfectly fresh. One witness informed me that this mutilation was made by a bomb from a hydroplane three weeks before my visit; another, equally credible, declared that it was two years old. A wind of fable, or, at least, of unstable historic opinion, has blown over Reims. At any rate, one outrage to St. Rémy is certainly quite recent, but of this I will speak later in the words of His Eminence Cardinal de Luçon.

We now left the square in front of the cathedral for the purpose of exploring on foot the districts to the north and west of the center of the city. These were the objective of the appalling cannonade which began on the night of September 17, and it is here, far more than in the churches, that the destructive rage of the German attack

is visible. I suppose that a huge mediæval basilica has become in the course of ages a sort of rock, an architectural Gibraltar. It may be bruised and chipped and dented, it may suffer a hundred superficial mutilations, but its substance remains resolutely invincible. This is far from being the case with modern buildings, especially with the domestic architecture of France in the twentieth century, where elegance and convenience are evidently more sought after than durability. Within comparatively recent years the wealth of Reims has been concentrated in the Quartier de Cérès, where old houses have been ruthlessly removed to make room for substantial residences and showy shops, which aimed at rivaling those of Paris itself. Here, in a relatively small compass, the wealth of Reims was collected, and it is quite evident, when one examines this district, that the Germans deliberately contrived the destruction of all that meant financial prosperity to the ancient city. Without wasting ammunition on the suburbs where the poor reside, or on either of the outlying portions of Reims, they concentrated their fiery rain on the rectangle of streets where the rich merchants and the vine-growing millionaires had built their mansions and stored their possessions.

The great artery which flows through Cérès from northeast to southwest is named at its center the Rue des Tapisseries. This fine street, which becomes the Rue de Vesle, was encumbered with a frenzied population of civilians flying towards Paris on the evening of September 17, 1914. A lady who took part in the flight, Madame Isabelle Rimbaud, has recently given a most moving account of it. Under a gray sky loaded with rain, over a causeway deep in mud, amid the shrieks of children and the loud weeping of women, sounds which were drowned every few

minutes by the roar of the bombardment, a huge mass of distracted civilians, elbowing one another, crushed by the passage of carts and carriages, strove to escape on to the road to Paris before the sinister night should completely hem them in. It is curious to contrast this vision of a whirlwind of fugitives with the absolute silence which now reigns in this tissue of cross-streets. We wander along them, up and down, hither and thither, without sight of a human being; not a dog, not a cat prowls round these desolations. Not Pompeii itself—and the regular plan of the Quartier de Cérès has something Pompeian in its character—not the Campanian city, which the cinders of Vesuvius buried eighteen hundred years ago, can be more desolate and silent and woe-begone than the once so prosperous and wealthy center of Reims.

It is to be borne in mind that the wild confusion of débris and ruin has long ago been removed from the streets themselves and has been heaped within the enclosure of the houses. German prisoners were set to this irksome task, and they have carried it out with the thoroughness of their race. The result is that the streets present an aspect of neatness that is almost dreadful, because it makes the destruction look so deliberate. There can now be no illusion that earthquake has done this thing. Of course, different degrees of destruction exist. There are streets at the sides of which, as, for instance, in the Rue St. Pierre des Dames, it is almost difficult to know what the crumbling remains of brick and metal can ever have represented. Were these shops, or private houses, or institutions? It is impossible to be sure. The whole space so lately inhabited with elegance is turned into a vague species of Stony Arabia. There remains on my mental retina the vision of one horrible mountain of indescribable rubbish in

the Quartier Béthany, out of the slope of which arises to its original height an isolated Baalbek fragment of wall, with its bedroom wall-papers and even its window-shutters still dolefully existent, in spite of rain and sun. The squalid sights of which this is an example are poignant to a degree that baffles description.

But all the ruins are not of this kind. In the Rue de l'Université, which was the street of the most expensive and brilliant shops, the bombs have done their work with a most fantastic irregularity. What is not entirely smashed is here not hurt at all, and we have the discrepancy between huge gaping spaces of jagged nothingness and buildings that have hardly lost their pristine smartness. I could scarcely tear myself away from the grotesqueness of one enormous *bon marché*—I suppose the Magazin du Louvre of the Remois—the whole interior of which had been gutted, with the exception of one or two counters and a staircase, and the exterior of which, a sort of grinning skeleton, still bears between its most shocking mutilations a large slab of black marble, absolutely unscarred and unscratched, on which we read in large gold lettering the ironic inscription: "Prix fixe absolu sans escompte." Alas! it will be long indeed before any enterprising customer tries to get "escompte" in a shop at Reims!

To describe in further detail this chaotic wilderness would be tedious to the reader. But I cannot refrain from dwelling for an instant on the view from the Rue des Trois Raisinets, which is perhaps the most appalling where all are dreadful. Here, on the right hand, an ancient abbatial building, which had been renewed and adapted to some modern use, has been reduced to a sketchy mediæval ruin, but, more remarkable by far, on the left hand the eye wanders over a long stretch of substance piled on sub-

stance that absolutely baffles visual analysis.

Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her
grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor
fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes
mixt,
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever
fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them
ordain
His dark materials to create more
worlds,—

over this dismal confusion of unnamable débris rises solitary, dream-like, at the end of the vista, the cathedral, sailing like a ship over wind-swept waters, calm in its divine beauty, far enough away to seem unwounded, *l'orgueil de l'humanité entière*, in spite of the malice of its infamous assailants. It is a vision of hope risen above the ocean of despair.

It was with such a vision still in our hearts that we were received, with extreme benignity, by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop. A visit to Reims would have been incomplete indeed without the benediction of Monseigneur de Luçon. He has been the hero of the martyrdom of Reims, and for two years he has remained at his melancholy and often dangerous post at the head of a devoted little army of clerics. It would not be easy to exaggerate the value of the Archbishop's presence in the midst of all the chaos and horror. He has been nobly eminent in the center of the turmoil, the serene and authoritative shepherd of his people. His Eminence possesses a native eloquence, which has, one may believe, been burnished by the singular emotion through which he has passed. He spoke to us openly and fully of what we had seen and what we had not seen, and his conversation was the commentary and completion of our visit.

At the moment of the first bombardment His Eminence was away from home. If I understood him aright, he was still at the Vatican, whither he had gone to take his part in the election of Pope Benedict XV. On hearing of the advance of the Germans he hastened from Rome, but was much delayed in reaching Paris, where he was met, on September 22, by a telegram informing him that his cathedral was "destroyed by fire." With extreme difficulty he contrived to get a special train to take him as far as—I think he said—Troyes, whence in a motor-car he proceeded to Reims. He told us that on passing the brow of the hill whence the city suddenly becomes visible he had an experience resembling, in character though not in degree, my own very modest one in arriving from Epernay, that is to say, of relief at finding that the cathedral preserved its general outlines. On his rapid journey from Paris he had been repeating to himself the words of the telegram—"destroyed by fire"—and he was persuaded that he should see nothing but a shapeless mass of débris. He said that the relief was so extreme that he was able to bear with resignation the awful conditions which only too quickly revealed themselves. It enabled him to put forth all his energy to guard what elements of beauty remained—"reliques à jamais sacrées."

It was impossible for an old librarian to refrain from asking the Cardinal Archbishop what had become of the literary treasures of Reims, which were curious and considerable. He replied that the municipal archives of the city were preserved in the Hôtel de Ville, which was not entirely destroyed, and that he believed them to have been saved. But all the objects of art in the Museum, which was in the top story of the Hôtel de Ville, were totally burned. The pictures were not, if I remember right, of extraordinary

interest, except a series of ten portraits, painted by Lucas Cranach, and a small Holbein. On the other hand, His Eminence mentioned to me the total loss of the library of Cardinal Gousset and of the celebrated Igny candelabra. He mourned especially the destruction of the archives of the Académie de Reims, complete since its foundation; this was one of those interesting provincial societies, founded in modest emulation of the Académie Française, which have done much to keep culture alive in the provincial capitals of France.

The Archbishop lives in a house in the Rue du Cardinal-du-Lorraine, immediately under the cathedral, which his eyes are unwilling to quit for a single hour. He sees it, in its pathetic disarray, before him all day long. His neighborhood to the great church has not been without its physical inconvenience. He told us that one day, long after the original bombardment had ceased, he was walking in the Rue du Cardinal-du-Lorraine when a Boche bomb struck the cathedral, glanced off, and covered the stones of the street with splinters of metal. His Eminence, with a delightful gaiety, laughed as he declared that it was no moment to think of his ecclesiastical dignity, and that he lay down in the mud, flat on his face, with the result that not a single shard touched him. M. Barrès mentioned to him the apparently recent damage which we had perceived in a side-chapel of St. Rémy. His Eminence replied that it was recent indeed; it had occurred only four or five days before our arrival. He had been walking in his garden, and it suddenly struck him that a heavy shower of rain must be preparing to fall. He looked up into the sky and found that the darkness was caused by an immense hydroplane immediately above his head. It floated on a little to the south, and then the Cardinal

saw it drop a bomb, which struck the church of St. Rémy and caused the smash which we had seen. There seems to be a general impression in the outer world that the bombardment of Reims has ceased, but forty bombs were dropped in the city four days after my visit in September of this year.

Opinion in Paris is sharply divided on the subject of the restoration of the cathedral of Reims. There are those who hold that the edifice should simply be so patched up as to prevent further decay, and should be kept in that state through all time as a witness to the barbarity of the Huns. Others pretend that restoration is absolutely imperative, and that France cannot permit one of the greatest of her churches to remain a useless ruin. We were anxious to obtain the convictions of His Eminence on this subject, and we were not surprised to find that he is ardently with those who desire to see the cathedral restored as soon as possible. He regards the question, very naturally, from the ecclesiastic rather than from the aesthetic point of view, and he looks upon it as a matter of course that Reims, as the center of his diocese and province, must not be religiously disfranchised. Neither M. Barrès nor I could presume to dispute with him, but we agreed in private afterwards that the idea of "restoring" the mutilated mediæval sculpture could but fill us with alarm. Perhaps a middle way may yet be found, but we can hardly wish for a new Viollet le Duc at Reims.

At length the Cardinal conducted us, with a beautiful courtesy, to the door of his improvised palace. Just before he dismissed us he pointed up to the cathedral above our heads and to one of the aerial statues silhouetted against the sky. It thrilled us both to hear him describe how he was standing where now we stood, looking upwards, and how he saw a bomb strike this

statue with a roar and a flash, and how next moment the head came rattling down the roofs and sprang

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almost to his feet. With this vivid recollection my fleeting memories of a deeply moving visit to Reims may close.

Edmund Gosse.

DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

CHAPTER XXII.

IMPENDING DANGER.

Harvest-home, cubbing and the partridges called for the Squire's presence at Winteringham. Bob, whose birds I had shot many a time, but who had never thinned a covey of mine, accompanied me down into Cheshire under a kind of friendly compulsion. A reciprocal visit, if it were but a fortnight, was prodigiously overdue.

He owned as much, also that he needed rest, a bath of quiet, and a truce to the heart-and-head-and-stomach-wearing life of the Prince's Set; an existence that had for long disgusted him, but from which my friend had hitherto found no avenue of escape.

Foreseeing that sooner or later I should entertain him, I had built me a wing ("The New Work") known to you all, and had installed as my housekeepers my old batman, Hymus, whose story, and first connection with mine, I have set down at large elsewhere, and his wife, a woman who could cater and cook for gentlemen almost as well as her husband could valet them. They held their positions under Abel, it goes without saying, which meant, in the last resort, that managing and indefatigable young lady, Georgy.

Bob was to be my first guest: 'twas an informal housewarming. I tool'd him down from Town in my chariot-and-pair, our trunks and gun-cases had preceded us, and, having writ Abel six weeks in advance to get up a couple of weight-carriers from grass, I

doubted not that I could amuse my friend for a fortnight.

The man was hipped. He showed it unconsciously. I made sure he would confide in me if I left the choice of occasion to himself, and indulged his long silences and rarer flashes of impatience.

He had no reason to complain of the sport. The pointers worked well; cubs were abundant, his mount clever and up to his weight. Yet the man was unhappy. Nothing quite satisfied him. "Too bad" he would growl after grassing a difficult right and left, and, "D . . . d disloyal!—God forgive me!" I overheard whilst hounds were running an old dog-fox in covert, and it looked like getting him away for a mile across grass.

I suspected money troubles, but guessed wrongly, for the man had landed a pot upon Zenobia's Oaks, and was not merely solvent, but before the world, almost for the first time since I had known him.

"I began backing the filly when it was thirty-six to one against her, and followed her up at all sorts of odds until she stood at even money.

"I think for once in their dirty lives the Ring know the sensations of the skinned lamb, Doodles. Only one of the lot squealed, and he paid when I gave him time.

"Ye needn't pity 'em. They have had thrice as much out of me first and last, confound 'em!

"This time I decided the money should stick. I lifted the mortgage upon my place, took up my bills, and

paid my tailor. He almost wept. Not for joy, O, no! but for sorrow at parting with me. For that sort knows when a man of the Household sends for his account and meets it in full, that one of two things has happened, either his customer has sold out and is settling down, or has got religion.

"I am thinkin' of marryin', Doodles. Fact. Anyone in view? Not yet. Only waitin' to see the woman. But, it must be *the* woman, y'know, I am particular."

The time was five of the clock. The morning sun a glistening glory netted in thin strands of silver mist. A common we had crossed upon the hour-old line of an earthward returning fox had been swathed in gossamers like a crisp sea caught and frozen, the finest sight in the world!

I was blessing my Maker that He had let me live to see such a scene. The ride which Bob and I were watching for a view was paved with thin, coney-nibbled turf, dappled with the fall of the spring leaf, though the July shoot had scarce spent its strength, and was still broad and heavy o'er-head. A thousand toadstools strewed the ground, rings and broods and family parties of 'em, fawn and orange, russet, purple and blood-red. Pheasants clucked and ran, or stayed to peer and poke. A woodcock flitted by, silent as an owl, showing the white in his tail. A hound or two opened here and there among the undergrowth, a horn twanged afar off.

I profess I was as happy as a child: Bob sour and mum, something amiss.

It was at this moment that Georgy crossed the ride a few yards ahead. She did not see us. The sudden and curious outeries of one of the young entry had drawn her to our neighborhood. The huntsman was a quarter of a mile away and making too much noise to hear the complaint of this particular puppy.

She came through the high, blind hazels at a canter, winding and swerving, but always true to her line: now all along her mare's neck, now flattened against her crupper, putting up a low-hung spray with gauntleted hand, sending an encouraging note before her. Thus, a dark-blue habited figure, topped with a low-crowned beaver, from underneath which a coil of gold-red hair swung loose, with the briar in it, hips and all, that had brought it down, she flashed upon us, dropped into our ride from the top of a bank, hopped up the scarp on t'other side on't, crying "*Bedesman! Yoicks! Bedesman!*" and passed on to the sound of rustling foliage and thudding hooves.

Dawnay caught his breath, "Who is that?"

"My child, Bob," I answered without thought, and was fain to correct the false impression my inadvertence had created. "Not *that* way, man. Ye must have heard me speak of the little girl I brought home from Germany eight years ago. No? O, surely I told ye at the time? Found her beside the road after Jéna, y'know. She has lived here ever since with my friends."

"Humph," he replied. "Has it occurred to ye that the lady is a little girl no longer?"

"The circumstance has not escaped me, Bob. Let me present ye."

The moment was scarcely propitious. We found Georgy dismounted, luging an almost comatose puppy up a steep bank, and you, who have handled a foxhound, know what a weight he can make of himself.

We swung down and made in to help, but she would have none of it.

"Keep away, Van Schau, he is half dead with stings, and has several wasps about him still!" she cried, stopping to pinch one of the insects which crawled out of the victim's ear.

We got the poor brute away from the nest into which he had thrust an innocent nose, laid him upon his side and picked him over.

"He will pull round," said the girl critically, arising from her knees, "but, we must get him to the Lodge for a day or two. The poor boy can't travel."

From the top of the bank where I was holding the heads of the three horses, I overlooked Bob bending beside my child, sorting the whimpering, snuffling sufferer for wasps, but quite aware of the proximity of an alluring personality. Trust my Bob!

The coming of the second Whip released the lady. I presented my friend, he uncovered, the girl bowed silently, frowning as she grew conscious of her stings, and turned to ascend the bank. He offered a hand, which she declined with a man's curt, unconscious bluntness, reclaimed her mare from me, measured her reins, and vaulted into the saddle before Bob could make a second proffer of assistance. He took it all in.

The three of us rode homeward to breakfast. We separated in the stable quadrangle.

Over the coffee, which was just beginning to replace the breakfast-ale of my youth, Dawnay began.

"Doosid well farmed this place of yours. Whose doin' is it?"

"My old friend, Mr. Abel Ellwood, has managed my estates ever since I came into 'em. He started this style of doing things. But the actual oversight of all ye have ridden over this morning has been in that young lady's hands for over a year."

"The doose" said Bob, his eyes widening with wonder, and his jolly red cheeks stopping work for a moment, "That—?—She?—Who is the lady, Doodles? Have ye no idea? There is a bit of blood there, or I'm a Dutchman. . . . And I've seen

that shaped face before somewhere."

"We have never traced her family to our satisfaction," I replied cautiously. "Many a child gets lost along the line of such a retreat as that. But, we have almost ceased to concern ourselves with her origin, for the young lady has grown up among us, and has become so dear to us, that she is ours long since. From our point of view nobody else has a claim upon her."

"And, I may as well tell ye, Bob," said I, taking a prompt resolution, "that among the things that are possible is a tenderer tie. It isn't spoken about yet, but, any day we may be publishing the engagement of Miss Georgiana Gee and Mr. Abel Ellwood."

"What? the little cock-sparrow who looked in after supper last night? O, Lord! Why, he must be old enough to be her father. But, there's no accountin' for tastes," quoth my stalwart friend, and resumed mastication. I knew he would respect the intimation.

There was still a reserve in his manner, and I felt that additional confidences awaited due opportunity.

Upon the fourth evening, the man, slippers and loose-vested, pipe in mouth and rummer at elbow, using the freedom of old friendship, threw on another log, started a flow of sparks up the chimney, rolled in his armchair and spoke.

"I've done better than I told ye, D., for my running-horses sold well. The *Mignonette* filly and *Fortune's Foe* made their prices. There were three men bidding for *Mulligatawny*, so he just doubled my reserve. *Shagreen* coughed in the ring. I bought him in and passed him on to my trainer for his bill. So ye see me clear of the turf, and clear I mean to keep. 'Tis an overdue promise anyway, as ye will remember.

"No. I have not sent in my papers, for, as things have gone I can afford to stick to my regiment yet awhile.

"Of course the war is over, and I've

lost my last chance of active service, worse luck! And it means a full stop to all promotions and appointments. I doubt if I ever get my squadron; as for a command, 'tis out of the question. But I shan't sell out before the New Year. If I live so long," he added with a droop in his voice. "But" he added, rolling more vigorously, "I have just about decided to break with the Prince."

So 'twas "Prinny" no longer. This might be serious, yet, knowing my Bob, as I knew him, not necessarily final. I asked what had brought things to this pass.

"The man can't run straight. I told ye in Town that he had placed his affairs in my hands, appointed me Privy Purse by Warrant, and all that. Naturally I thought he meant it. Not a bit! Ye remember the woman and child I was bidden to find? I did my best with a stale line without help from my principal. He had a second string of which he kept me in ignorance. What make ye of this?"

Rolling more vigorously than ever, he produced a cover addressed to him from someone in the British Embassy in Vienna. 'Twas unsigned, or rather signed with an initial, and among other chit-chat gave its recipient to know that the English friends of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales had made sufficient interest with Count Metternich to have a certain agent of the lady's husband, Omptèda, by name, who had persecuted the unfortunate woman by espionage and blackmail at Florence, Bologna and other places in Italy, expelled from the dominions of the Emperor.

I handed it back to my friend without comment. He expected none, and was full of his grievances.

"The Prince knew I was lookin' for that man. I discussed possibilities with him. He professed he wanted him found; yet, he was employin' the

brute all the time upon another job, one that he knew I would never have touched.

"What d'ye think of that for treatment, Doodles? From this time on I am done with His Royal Highness. No man shall make a fool of me twice. I wish him joy of his Omptèda; 'tis Sam Chifney over again, 'warned off the turf.' I wonder where the fellow will show his ugly mug next!"

I nodded, gazing into the glow of the fire, conjuring up the scarred red visage of the Hanoverian.

Why should a name which has not crossed one's lips for months, be no sooner uttered on Monday, say, than it is forced upon one's attention on Tuesday? We all know these double-barreled coincidences which occur in our lives, but look so mechanical in story-books; I was in for one of 'em.

We had dropped the Prince and his unsavory agent, but had raised no other topic, Dawnay had taken off the last of his rummer and was softly smacking his lips, when Hymus knocked and entered with a double letter for which there was fifteen shillings to pay. I broke seal and recognized the small, cramped hand, grown shaky of late, of my old friend, General Gunn.

I had thought of him at times when news had reached me in Spain of wild doings in Sweden, where party spirit had run to extremes, and that fine fellow Axel Fersen had come to a cruel end. War is one thing, and a bad enough thing, but murder is another matter altogether. I had wondered how the dry, acute old Scottish soldier of fortune was steering his ship in those rough waters.

Much of the letter you would not thank me to transcribe. My old patron was grown garrulous. The strain of eight difficult years had told upon brain as well as hand, but, to me, the one among his English friends

whom he trusted fully, he poured out his misgivings in what proved to be the last communication I was to receive from him.

For the man died within a week of dispatching this cover, bequeathing me his sword, his pistols, and a snuff-box presented to him by Marshal Keith, matters which I received, as I recollect, on the day that the news reached Winteringham of the Corsican's escape from Elba.

Listen, then, to an extract from my old hero's last letter.

" . . . Your name was brought more particularly before my mind during the past week by my being asked to receive a person, I will not more exactly describe his social position or military rank until I have it from yourself that he is an officer and a gentleman. This individual, a man of it might be forty, or forty-five years of age, described himself as Captain Stein of the British service, and spoke at large, and most warmly, of yourself, and of your conduct in the matter of the transfer of the Hanoverian cavalry force some years ago. I need not tell you that affair made abundant noise at the time, and that not your old friend only, but the chiefs of the Swedish army, were anxious to learn how so tickle an undertaking had been conceived and carried through.

"The Emperor took *un gîle* from your hand upon that occasion, my friend. Those of this nation, who had known you when in our service, were especially astonished. But, as I ventured to remind them, *le débâcle de Jéna* was not a field where you had much room for the display of conduct or resource. Also, that what you then did, you did well, and discreetly, though ill-requited by an ungrateful sovereign. But enough of this.

"Your acquaintance, for so I must consider him, from the amount and precision of his knowledge of your

person and performances, expressed himself much interested in the conclusion of your adventure in this city, and would have got from me, had I been in a communicative humor, a full account of your extreme danger at the hands of his late Majesty, and fortunate escape.

"He was aware of the fact that you had brought with you a young gentleman, or boy, and that this young person accompanied your travels and shared your privations.

"So much I had from his own lips. Whence he had obtained his information I knew not at the time, but have since heard that he was seen in the company of Mons. Lindquist.

"It was upon the present whereabouts of your youthful companion that Captain Stein displayed most concern.

"I need not assure you that my caller was indebted to me for nothing in the way of news about you and yours. I will confess to having disliked his appearance and mistrusted his motives. If he spoke truly, and you have served with him, it will sufficiently recall him to your memory, by whatever name he may then have passed, to say that he bears upon him an inflamed red face, marked with several long white scars across the cheek-bone.

"I know not how closely you have followed the recent misfortunes of this unhappy kingdom. Since you were driven from our service, we who remained have ridden deep waters. Finland is lost to us; and the Aaland Isles, those outposts of our capital, have passed into the hands of our implacable enemy, the Tzar. Our misguided people have run to such lengths of lawlessness and mutual destruction as leaves me in wonder that a Swedish State survives. The deposition of your foe, the late King Gustaf, was a political necessity, as

such to be defended, but the proscription of his heir and the descendants of that unhappy prince was, in my poor judgment, indefensible. The murder of my friend Count Fersen cut me to the heart. We differed, but respected one another's prejudices. The taking off of the Prince of Augustenburg was another bad business. How can the Almighty bless us?

"Our continental possessions and orts are alienated, and as a set-off we are about to despoil our neighbor Denmark of Norway, a sorry piece of policy, from active participation in which I thank my God that my age has prevented me.

"In a word, my friend, your old gossip is about to retire from the service of his adopted country, and if, by the blessing of Providence, he makes a fair passage to your great and prosperous kingdom, he proposes to pay you a visit upon his way to his friends in Sutherland, where he trusts to spend the few remaining days of his allotted span."

And so on. This was unwelcome news. I had ceased to anticipate trouble from Dawnay's investigations, but, no sooner was that noble hound's head up, and the scent he had followed foiled, than this lurcher hits off the line.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WAR AND WOMEN.

The position of women before the war is impossible to define. For the sake of convenience, and according to the idea to be expressed, rough—and ready—classifications such as the following can be made:—

The majority of women did not earn wage or salary—the minority did.

The majority were married—and the minority were not.

The majority worked, in the home or

Say that Lindquist had kept the secret of my child's sex to himself (and why he should have done so I could not say, he had no reason to love me, or any Englishman, when I last saw him, and less since) but, say he had spoken of my companion as a boy, Omptèda might well have suspected how the land lay. The Gräfinn would have told him that the child was dressed as a lad when she fled with her across Hanover. I could see this man, cur that he was, nosing our trail from Stockholm westward to the march, and thence down to Domaas. There the line would still be warm, the household would suspect nothing, and would speak freely of the little, weary, golden-haired *pige* who so nearly died upon their hands, but whom their master's kindly care restored to strength, and passed on downhill to the Romsdalsfjord.

Once apprised of the child's sex and general appearance, her identity with the girl lost by his wife would be manifest. He would not need to trace her progress foot by foot. My address in England would present no difficulties, Fanshawe of Winteringham was already known to him, and my estate no man with a tongue in his head need miss.

out of it—the small minority did no work.

The majority were apathetic to Women's Suffrage—the minority were keen supporters or bitter opponents.

The majority were economically dependent—the minority, either through wage-earning or inherited money, were independent.

It is perhaps possible to say that spending power had, in the great

majority of cases, no relation to the intrinsic value or moral qualities of the women concerned. A laborer's wife with an allowance of 20s. a week to cover all family expenses, and a stockbroker's wife with an allowance of £20 a week to cover only the expenses of her wardrobe, might be equally amiable, or equally ignorant, equally conscientious or equally worthless. From sheer pressure of circumstances the laborer's wife would certainly be the harder worker of the two, but no question of the merits or demerits of either woman would alter the disproportion of spending power between them. Women were more or less accustomed to a system or lack of system which allowed them to lose their health over work for which they were paid 1d. an hour or less; which allowed them to bear and attempt to rear children on a family income of less than 3s. a day for rent and all other expenses; which allowed them greater security and comfort if they could attract a well-to-do man for a husband than if they were capable and hard-working themselves. Taken as a whole, the system was a direct discouragement to endeavor and self-respect.

The system has not consciously changed, but, to a certain extent, the outlook of women has. The war has brought about differences in atmosphere and changes of attitude, which will lead to changes in conditions, and these will certainly be far-reaching.

In the days before the war it was not solely a difference of character or conscious intention which divided the wage-earners from the majority of women. Those who worked for wages generally did it because it was expected of them. Their environment pushed them into it. Those who did not work for wages refrained more or less because such an attitude was expected of them. Their environment withheld

them. In all classes marriage as an ideal, as an end in itself, as the only satisfactory solution of life for a woman, had been held up to girls, with the result that more often than not paid work was an episode temporarily undertaken solely for the sake of the pay. Comparatively few women cared to excel in their trade. Their ambition was satisfied in other ways. Their work, being performed without enthusiasm or even interest, was often indifferently done, and their employers could plead this excuse for the miserable wages paid for women's work. Though the number of women entering trades and professions annually grew, the polite assumption was that women could not work, should not work, and did not work. Individual men were relieved of anxious and terrible burdens by the work of a daughter or a wife, but even their attitude towards the whole question remained one of doubt and disapproval. Women felt half apologetic themselves. They were being pushed into a world where theoretically they were not wanted, where they were sweated and exploited by their employers, and at the same time half despised by the very men on whom all their ambitions in the matrimonial line were fixed. Grown older, many of the same women, with perhaps parents, husband, or children to support, realized the hopelessness of their position, and, if they had wits or energy left, wished that their lives had been shaped so as to include training, excellence, and skill in work as well as happiness in marriage.

In defiance of this attitude, however, the desire for a share in politics was spreading among women of all classes. At first it had touched only the educated, and of them only a small proportion, but before the war broke out there is no doubt that the action of the militant suffragists had brought the

idea of political enfranchisement prominently before the minds of millions of women who would hardly otherwise have understood the meaning of the word "suffrage." They were as often as not shocked and horrified, but signs are not wanting that what seemed monstrous and unnatural under the old conditions is now assuming the shape of a reasonable and practical proposal.

Before the war there were women who, in face of adverse criticism, worked for pay with enthusiasm and ambition, and whose work was well done in spite of ridiculously inadequate remuneration. There were also those women who worked for pay, but without ambition, from economic necessity, and who looked upon marriage as their natural destiny. Further there were the women who never dreamed of working for pay, but relied entirely on their matrimonial chances as a vocation in life. All these classes might contain women who were the salt of the earth, they certainly contained women of intrinsic worth and of more or less ability. But there was yet another class—the women shirkers. Their object was simply personal and selfish. They intended, with the help and approval of the world in general, to have a good time. Marriage, though desired by them and freely entered into, was not allowed to interfere with this intention. Children were made secondary to it. Women shirkers existed in all classes, and were partly the product of the attitude of the world around them, which made of their irresponsible selfishness a social virtue.

It is a matter of history that the first months of the war paralyzed women's trades, that relief workshops were set going, that women thronged the Labor Exchanges, that terrible sufferings took place among these millions of industrial workers. An in-

quiry* into the number of women who, besides supporting themselves, maintained or helped to maintain children, husbands, or parents, had been carried out a year or so previously, and had suggested a surprisingly large figure. It was recognized that the situation involved far more than the women in question, since the sufferings of hundreds of thousands of women meant the consequent suffering of vast numbers of children and old people. At the same time public opinion was inclined to take the line that, with certain exceptions such as the textile industry, women's work was, in itself, almost entirely in the luxury trades, and that in a state of war a country might well dispense with those trades.

Then the current slowly began to change. Men became increasingly scarce. A demand arose for trained women, and there were never enough trained women to satisfy the demand. Is it not the case that University-trained women are still unable to find employment? See the article on the Civil Service and employment of women in *Daily Telegraph* for October 3. Courses of training, of a kind, were set going both by public and private bodies. Young girls were run through these classes, and turned into commercial offices, banks, Government departments, grocers' shops, engineering sheds, trams, omnibuses, railways, and factories at wages which in the general scramble were good, bad, and indifferent according, as it often seemed, to mere chance. On the whole, the wages were higher than those usually earned by such women before the war, but expenses rose, and in a majority of cases more than counterbalanced the extra pay. At the same time a great difference was felt by women themselves, in the attitude both of those around them and of the nation

*"Wage-earning Women and Their Dependents." By E. E. Smith, Fabian Women's Group, 25 Tothill Street, S. W. 13.

at large. Women's work was recognized, approved, called for, not only by employers, but by public demand, through the press, by the man in the street, throughout the country. Women of every class and age responded to this new call. They entered their names at Labor Exchanges, skilled and unskilled, young and old alike. Girls and women of the well-to-do classes, who had hitherto looked upon early life as a joyous preparation leading to a successful marriage, offered their services as domestic servants in hospitals, where they earnestly and industriously scrubbed floors, cleaned grates, and washed up pots and dishes. Girls and women of the industrial classes threw aside their equally all-compelling conventions, and did, willingly and even proudly, work which they previously would have scorned—such work as street window-cleaning, for which they were obliged to wear trousers and overalls, street scavenging, and the like. There were always plenty of women ready to work. The difficulty was that they were untrained, unskilled, ignorant of commerce, of trading, of finance, of sequence of process, of discipline—of any orderly conception of their trade or occupation taken as a whole. The new enthusiasm for work well done—as such—certainly helped them to acquire skill. In munition factories, as well as in many other unaccustomed trades, they proved themselves capable, in a marvelously short time, of doing valuable work. The annual report of the Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops for 1915 shows conclusively that women, when interested in their work, can produce astonishingly good results. For all occupations where women of intelligence and character were needed they could be found, provided the wage or salary were one which a woman of intelligence and character could accept. In many directions, both by the

Government and private employers, the mistake was made of treating such women as ignorant fools, who were not aware that they possessed valuable abilities and qualifications.

Two voices of opinion beset the new workers. One, principally directed to industrial women, implored them to regard their work as purely temporary, to be ready to give it up after the war to men who should require it, but meanwhile to do all in their power to maintain the former standard of wages. The other called upon women to show their patriotism by working—at any work, for any hours, for any wage, or for no wage, in order to save their country in her time of need.

The new occupations which have been filled by women since the war began are as follows:—

Railways.—Porters, collectors, delivery agents, station mistresses, booking-clerks, telegraph operators, messengers, waitresses (restaurant cars), carriage cleaners, engine cleaners.

Tramways and Omnibuses.—Conductors, time-keepers, checkers, organizing forewomen, clearing the lines, points-women, car drivers, car and omnibus cleaners.

Agriculture.—Ploughing, sheep-shearing, manure-spreading, harrowing, harnessing, hay and straw pressing, driving.

Clerical.—Banks; Government and Insurance Offices which, before the war, did not employ women; shops.

Miscellaneous.—Medical officers of health, rate collectors, overseers to parish council, school attendance officers, deputy town clerk, park-keepers and gardeners, cemetery work, drivers of water carts, scavengers, bell-ringers, lamplighters, dock laborers, grocery assistants, stable work in riding school, taxi-drivers, cutters (tailoring), stoker for factory furnace, chaffeuse, ship-

cleaners, van-drivers, brass-workers and boot and shoe operatives on work hitherto confined to men, caddies, lift-attendants, commissionaires, police-women, barbers, window-cleaners, lock-keeper, electric light and power installation, making horse-shoes, tent-making, leather-tanning, flour-milling, loading vans and railway trucks with paper, cable-making, wireless telegraphy, blacksmiths, roadmaking, bricklaying, gas fitting, meter inspectors, letter carriers, making munitions, horse-breakers for the Government, Army cooks, store-keepers and interpreters.

The Labor Exchange figures in the trades insured against unemployment are:—

June, 1914.

Number of women registered..	218
Number of vacancies filled.....	92

June, 1916.

Number of women registered..	8,205
Number of vacancies filled.....	16,946

At the same time it should be noted that the figures for women in uninsured trades for the same periods are as follows:—

June, 1914.

Number of women registered..	43,020
Number of vacancies filled.....	18,348

June, 1916.

Number of women registered..	153,796
Number of vacancies filled.....	40,624

These figures are a rough test, but they do show that women who are already trained, or who are young and therefore trainable, can find work in the insured trades, which include building, shipbuilding, vehicle-making, and mechanical engineering which in its turn includes much munition work, while women who are untrained or untrainable find it more difficult than ever to get taken on through the Labor Exchanges. There is no lack of women offering their services, but at the same time there is evidently great lack of skilled and trained women in agriculture, in commerce, and in posts

involving responsibility and business knowledge.

It is obvious that one of the great lessons of the war to women has been the value of training. We may expect to see that those who are ambitious in their work will insist on better training, and will demand that, when genuinely skilled, they shall be allowed to fill skilled posts at a skilled wage, and, moreover, that the ordinary channels of promotion be opened to them. In such employments as the Civil Service and some of the large industries this will certainly be the case. Whether the great mass of unskilled women's labor will or will not be immensely reduced after the war it is difficult to say. What will happen to the female munition workers? Perhaps many of them will be tired of the hard life they have been leading and will gladly give up work if circumstances allow. But they have worked hard for national ends. The public has patted them on the back. They will no longer be semi-apologetic when they demand new work. What will happen to the uniformed women—the railway, tram, and 'bus women? It is generally understood that they have been largely recruited from the families of railway, tram, and 'bus men, and that when those men return the women automatically retire. But what will be the attitude of such women towards the ordinary channels of women's labor after the war? They have worked hard, but they have tasted the dignity of accepted public usefulness. Whatever their future may be they will be different women, and their outlook will be much wider than before the war.

There has been a decided growth of opinion among all women since the war began that to bear children is a work of national importance. Working women of all types have realized this. It is clear that the great mass of

women who consider child-bearing and rearing to be their vocation will demand far more help and recognition from the community in their great work. There will be those who demand opportunities for wage-earning as well. It will be of the highest importance that hours should be arranged and workshops planned to suit their requirements. That lesson is now being taught in every direction by those employers, both public and private, who are endeavoring to lure back the married skilled worker. Other married women will insist on public services which shall aid them to produce healthy children. This lesson is being taught in every crèche, school for mothers, baby clinic, and nursery-school in the land. The mothers are quick to understand the intrinsic value of their children. They will not easily go back to the old precarious days before the separation allowance when they humbly took what money their husbands could spare. They will claim from the community something of the same security and regularity for

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their children as they are now receiving.

The claims of women to political enfranchisement will have grown to an enormous extent. The working-man's wife has been living alone and thinking out problems for herself. She has spent the income as she thought just and right. She certainly regards herself as of more importance to the world in general than she ever did before. She is coming to believe that she should share in the public management of her world.

There will still be the women shirkers—those whose aim is a good time for themselves at whatever cost to others. But creatures of admiration as they have been, they may lose their selfishness, perhaps, as it fails to win approval. Work will be valued, marriage undertaken with a due sense of its responsibilities—not only towards the husband, but towards the nation—will be desired and respected, but idleness, ignorance, and irresponsibility will no longer be held up to feminine youth as charming and womanly qualities commended by the world around.

STEPHEN LEACOCK, PH.D.: SAVANT AND HUMORIST.

Can anything good come out of Montreal? The late Samuel Butler, who is vaunted as a kind of modern Buddha, appeared to think not. He wrote a lampoon, one remembers, intended to wither the devoted city up, and all because he had found in its museum a classic statue stuck away in a lumber room, and a busy taxidermist much to the fore, engaged in the harmless occupation of stuffing an owl. Hence the "Psalm of Montreal," and all that apostrophic potheer about Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher and his precious brother-in-law. Montreal strikes one as rather a long way to go in search of incongruities, when the worthy

Samuel could have found specimens flourishing triumphantly at South Kensington or his beloved Bloomsbury; but satirists must have their little fling, so let Butlerians boast that he converted the Canadians from the error of their ways. Other men have not been so successful. Mr. Kipling, for instance, paid Canada years ago a compliment worth having when he christened her by the title of an old church in Quebec "Our Lady of the Snows"; and he must have been quite unprepared for the snort of disgust this accolade aroused in her official circles—regions disturbed by the thought that poetic liberties of this kind might in-

terfere with immigration business. But there are inklings of a better frame of mind in Canada today, and even Montreal is ahead of the rest of the world in one important respect. She can appreciate a man who unites in himself to an exceptional degree the double capacities of scholar and wit, philosopher and humorist.

Most halls of learning have harped too heavily on the dividing line and ruled off the wholesome spirit of mirth with a kind of bar sinister. McGill University does better, for it can boast a man whose titles to our admiration are evenly balanced as between levity and gravity, and in Professor Stephen Leacock it possesses a savant in politics and economics who is also a brilliant jester, and recognized in both rôles in both the hemispheres. As such, and not merely as the author of several volumes of philosophy and *belles lettres*, he enjoys a place of his own in modern English-speaking literature. The only difficulty is which of his aspects to take first—the grave or gay, the lively or severe. Stevenson stood out for the happy paradox that a man's recreations were the main affair in life, and work was only the negligible day-drudge, so there is authority and warrant for treating the Professor's lighter volumes first. But usage and tradition are all in favor of taking the solid courses before the sweets, quite apart from the question of chronology.

The chances afforded by an important Colonial professorship in any of the well-defined provinces of learning are not to be despised. Instead of the mellow intercourse of "reverend halls," the pleasures of Father Thames, and the heady atmosphere of the Union debates, there is surely compensation for a sturdy mind in having new ground to break. The missionary of organized knowledge in taking up professional duties in a new community with no moss-grown regulations to tie him down

lays a requisition on one's envy, though he may have to face an audience that is none too apt or tractable. Possibly with the cussedness that pervades even academic men, these compensations are not always realized, especially when a hunky and defiant youth like the butcher boy with the yaller dog in Wendell Holmes' story may put an awkward spoke into the wheels of the curriculum. But this is no worse than the highly-cultivated backrow heckler at Oxford or Cambridge, equipped with the latest Gaiety snags and Grub Street sneers; and your Colonial philosopher, if philosopher he be, is at least immune from a nuisance like that. He enjoys, besides, the advantage of detachment and a long focus on the world's events; and he is a free agent, as many a tradition-bound professor in Europe cannot always hope to be, in the use of the mental compass and the choice of guides. Given congenial themes, the best human material the Colonies can offer, and a blessed aloofness from the present distracting European situation, there seems no lack of incentive for a virile mind endowed with any definite standpoint and purpose. And this is exactly what Professor Leacock possesses, as we shall see.

The war is shaping all our old theories of government, domestic, international and Imperial. How many of the older textbooks are to be scrapped as a result of it, on international law and polity, on economics, law, and sociology? The relation of the individual to his foster-parent, the State, has been revolutionized; in some respects advanced to an acute test of voluntarism, in others relegated to the oldest tribal instincts of violence in the mass. Apart from the overweighted theories of the Continental schools, many of our manuals seem destined to be buried by this great upheaval. While keeping in mind what has been

done by other nations, past and present, one of our vital concerns is to reshape all the ancient cosmogonies, and partition them off, until they cover the risks and potentialities of an Empire re-unified. But of the many kinds of *vade-mecum* in this line, only one that has come to hand in the past decade or so appears to survive the present bombardment of facts and shocks and disillusionments, and it proceeds from the pen of Professor Leacock. Ten years have passed since his "Elements of Political Science" came to birth, and showed its surprising grasp, even at that early date, of the significance and influence of the South African Campaign then just concluded; and the revised edition which appeared before the outbreak of the present war showed how well he had kept pace with the evolution of the Colonial conception in practice and theory, and how irresistible was the demand for Imperial Federation long before this crisis in our fortunes drew us together as never before. It is easy for the political philosopher, like the physical scientist, to remodel his principles according to events. But it was another matter altogether to show, as Professor Leacock did, how our rough experience in the case of the American colonies schooled us in regard to Canada and the Cape, and taught us to hold the balance more fairly between the old land and the new.

When the middle of the last century brought with it an era for granting autonomy to British dominions, two problems went by default which are all too present to us now. The times were not yet ripe for realizing how the rest of the world would pick and choose from the propositions we held out, by ignoring the fiscal appeal and seizing on the territorial example. It praised our transcendental free-trade policy without endeavoring to emulate it; whereas it set itself to copy our colonization program to more effect than had

ever seemed possible to the Victorian politician. Without blame or censure, Professor Leacock leaves the error and the disillusion, as a true expositor should, to stand together and engender the right moral in the reader's mind. He demolishes what Whitman called the "bat-eyed formulæ" of half a century ago; he exposes the mistakes of the average Victorian statesman, and then in refutation of the most tenacious fallacy of all, he quotes Disraeli's sentence of 1872: "Self-government ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff . . . and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves." That passage redeems many of the insincerities and misguided prophecies that stand to Beaconsfield's account, and silences those who misrepresent his real attitude towards Britain overseas, its future and our own. With the same fine restraint, our author disdains the rôle of moralist or demagogue. He faces the various problems of a supreme federal parliament, the retention of our domestic affairs within a diminished legislature at Westminster, and all the reconstruction thus involved; and then compresses a large deduction from historic experience and the study of national character into wholesome sentences like these: "The dead weight of inertia to be encountered before such a change can be effected, will be realized by all who are acquainted with the British political temperament." Most of us when we give a thought to these extra-mural problems wonder how far the exhaustion resulting from the war will impair our vision and thwart our good intentions, but we are not always capable of expressing our misgivings with the same fine reticence or discretion.

Nothing could be happier than Professor Leacock's expository method and temper—his fairness to the reader and his theme, his honesty towards the great pioneers in this particular field, his dogged resolve to exclude non-essentials and omit nothing vital, and his respect for deposed classics like Hobbes and Rousseau, even when he is denouncing the absolutism of the one and abjuring the pseudo-primevalism of the other. He handles the bogey of the Social Contract as it deserves, and prepares us for the revelation provided by this war—that instead of the privileges, it is the obligations of citizenship that matter now, and especially the need for joining in the work of national defense. He traces the Aristotelian conception of the State through its many curves, and maintains a judicial demeanor in disposing of the long-vexed question as to the degree where monarchical neglect or redundancy amounts to moral abdication.

And now "let us sing awhile of lighter things." Having never met the Professor at the breakfast table, I can handsomely acquit him on all those disparaging points that make up an appearance of intimacy and are supposed to supply the "personal" touch to a composite portrait like this. But a talk he gave me years ago went far to explain by its pace and tone as well as its substance how he turns his leisure to such blithe results. He denies, by the way, that his lighter work is the product of idle moments; but this, I suspect, is because the plague of idleness hardly ever disturbs so keen a temperament. To a mind well stored with the best reading of the older hemisphere he adds the audacity and energy of the other. In answer to a remark of mine, he said that while in Europe here we did our reading carelessly, and were content to absorb the best literature in fragments or flying allusions, a keener generation

in the Colonies did its reading for itself, and devoured all the right reprints instead of arranging them along a decorative but dusty shelf. He might have gone farther and said that in the Old Country here we are so bemused with passing talent and polemic garrulity, that we lose sight of the greater and more abiding forces except as names to garnish paragraphs and tattle. But as far as he went, I found it refreshing to hear Dr. Leacock lay about him in his quiet, quick outspoken way, and to find my suspicions verified that his wit is the outcome of deep sincerity and hard sense. Beyond the cynical autobiography he prints in front of "Sunshine Sketches," I know nothing of his career, but I should say that the gist of it has gone into that bitter indictment, "The Lot of the Schoolmaster," reprinted in his essays. To take up the challenge he there throws down on behalf of the humbler walks of an ill-paid profession would be daring and difficult; to endorse it is unnecessary. One can only quote and quote again, or refer the reader to the paper itself; and if that is the case with his criticisms, it is certainly the same with his other writings, facetious or otherwise. One of the best of his critical papers he devotes to a generous laudation of the late "O. Henry," and Mr. St. John Adecock quoted this in his admirable monograph in miniature in these pages a month or two ago. A classical training preserves the Professor from that looseness in terms which could allow O. Henry to call a bow a genuflection; but, happily, years of concentrated study and drudgery have not lessened his rapid and prolific originality, while they have only deepened that sense of justice which he vents at times with such towering indignation.

Too much emphasis has been laid on his faculty for parody, which is only one weapon after all in his well-

filled armory. It seems only the other day that "Nonsense Novels" arrived to prove that a vogue in which Thackeray and Bret Harte excelled is still a living force in criticism, and that a Canadian professor is equal to either of those master-satirists in the power of turning the eccentricities of modern fiction against itself. If he turns on its practitioners as well, he is not content with mimicry of their accent and locutions, but tries to reconstitute their viewpoint, and always with an imperturbable good humor. You perceive very soon that with him the mimetic stage has never been more than a kind of reserve trench in the "big push" against humbug and literary pretension, and that the parodist in this case is also a creative humorist of the first water. Certain critics rose, I remember, at his "Literary Lapses," and strained their arguments needlessly without diminishing anything or anybody but themselves. Some of them complained that a western humorist without dialect or Bowery slang was an exotic, an importation from the East, and a geographical contradiction, which is all pure nonsense. The Old World, as we have long discovered, enjoys no monopoly of wit. You cannot bring sense and nonsense into collision without striking a tell-tale spark, and whether the clash occurs on this side of the Atlantic or the other, the chances are that you will get the same kind of spark from the same shape of head. If the longitude of Greenwich can produce university brilliance like that of a Hilton, a Godley, an Anstey or a "Q," there is no reason why the same perception of values and contradictions should not produce their equal in a Stephen Leacock, even in the longitude of McGill and the latitude of a political professorship. One of our author's fiercest assailants revealed himself, I remember, in the

book column of a lofty London daily, and showered out all the ineffable contempt this organ reserves for everything American except peeresses and advertisements and the American Ambassador; but presently, observing that *The Times* (which it hates like poison) had given up a segment of its Supplement to a consideration of Dr. Leacock's merits, this enlightened organ lay in ambush for his next book and then swamped it with green gush. But I hesitate to touch on the vagaries of reviewers when the Professor has turned them to such diverting account in his books; they constitute a grand assault on all sorts of pests from the club bore and the platform quack to the cheap millionaire and the expensive lap-dog. That truly modern martyr's rack, the boarding house, has made a text for all the American masters of humor, from Holmes and Stockton to Wallace Irwin and George Ade, but none of them has touched off the horrors of the "hash bazaar" as deftly as our Professor has done. Years ago he wrote a series of Euclidean axioms which appeared in *Truth* and then had a cometary orbit of republication, from *Punch* downwards. Even now one hears the jest attributed to all sorts of brilliant mathematicians, dead and gone, and those who have ever met it in those cold shades of anonymity will recognize it from one example:

If there be two boarders on the same flat, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each. For, if not, let one bill be the greater. Then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

It is usual to greet a new writer with discouragement, just as the astronomer tackles a new sun-spot through a smoked glass. One cannot find that on the whole Professor Leacock has ever met with want of recognition, certainly since he first appeared in print; and, indeed, he is not the sort of person to have suffered from it if he had. But I have no doubt that, like the pearls in *Æsop's* fable, he has been pecked with the query as to why he wasn't something else? Carlyle chilled William Black after his twentieth successful novel or so, with the brutal inquiry as to when he was going to do some "worrk," and there are doubtless people who ask our author when he is going to write a sequential book, instead of a series of fugitive chapters. Well, there is "Sunshine Sketches" on the one hand, a racy presentation of a typical western town and its inhabitants, and on the other there is the "Elements," already dealt with; and if it were not for the matter of date, one might even suppose that treatise had been written in reply to this very taunt. The Professor's humor is certainly equal to this riposte or any other. He believes, with Erasmus, in saying even serious things lightly; and he has loudly proclaimed he would rather have written "Alice in Wonderland" than the whole of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." That also is why, like Garrick in the picture, he may be torn between comedy and tragedy, but at least he smiles under the ordeal. Such is the effect of a true conception of the office of humor in a miscellaneous firmament of bounty. In an unpublished essayette he once remarked that it is "better to take your place humbly and resignedly in the lowest ranks of the republic of letters than to try to go circling round on your own poor wings in the vast spaces of Milton's 'Paradise,' or the great circles of Dante's 'Inferno.' "

The individual modesty of this is balanced by the fact that he stands up handsomely for the craft of humor and his brethren who follow it. A member, as he says himself, of the Royal Colonial Institute and the Church of England, he does not hesitate to remind us in another fragment somewhere else that it is "much harder to write one of Owen Seaman's 'funny' poems in *Punch* than to write one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermons"; and that whereas in his immortal hymn Newman only cried out for light in the gloom of a sad world, Dickens gave it. Which is profoundly true, as far as it goes. One might pursue indefinitely this contrast in the man which is characteristic of so many true artists—a passion for the vindication of his calling, whatever the niche that is allotted to himself.

On an occasion lately which should have been enough to tempt the humblest of men to glorify himself for once, Dr. Leacock showed some anxiety to stay in the background with his books, and to set in front of them a masterpiece of his special predilection—his son and namesake of a year old, and his second self. Of this prodigy he remarks that he is "guaranteed to eat more, sleep deeper, shout longer, and cry harder than any boy of his age in the British dominions outside of Zululand." I beg to leave that challenge as it stands with all its unnecessary reservations on its head, and to leave its author at the mercy of a myriad progenitors prepared to take it up; but at least the episode illustrates the idiosyncrasy of authors that their pride invariably lies far outside the circle of your conjecture. Let me conclude with another fragment from the Professor's pen, which strikes me as truer and deeper than anything ever written by Professor Bergson or Professor Pogson on laughter or free will or anything else:

"The world's humor in its best and greatest sense is perhaps the highest product of our civilization. One thinks here not of the mere spasmodic effects of the comic artist or the black-face expert of the vaudeville show, but of the really great humor which once or twice in a generation at best, illuminates and elevates our literature. And here, in its larger aspect, humor is blended with pathos till the two are one, and represent as they have in every age the mingled heritage of tears and laughter that is our lot on earth."

The Bookman.

Personally it remains only to indicate a fund of unutterable thanks for the pure and healthy enjoyment that Dr. Leacock's books have given me for years. If I were called in to prescribe for the restoration of Europe after this present convalescence, I should prescribe the free circulation of an unlimited edition of his books at Germany's expense, in all languages and dominions outside the circle of the Central Powers, with a strict embargo on their ever entering the lands of the Huns. They deserve it.

J. P. Collins.

THE PIRATE.

I.

They were huddled on the deck of the destroyer that had picked them out of the water, a mass of shivering people, grotesque in their life-saving gear. Their attention was riveted on all that remained to be seen of their late home, a few hours before one of His Majesty's battleships in active commission, and now, keel uppermost, no more than a whale-back hardly visible, at a couple of miles distance, above the greenish waters of the eastern Mediterranean. She was being rapidly left behind, for the very good reason that the Turks had her range, and were able to make things uncomfortable for any craft lingering in her neighborhood.

The destroyer's crew moved about, administering tots of rums.

A midshipman, whose skinny wrists and ankles belied the proportions of his inflated waistcoat, wiped a straggle of wet hair off his forehead, tossed down the rum, coughed, smacked his lips and cheered up at once. He was a person not easily depressed.

He addressed the commander, who was muffled, Red-Indian-wise, in a blanket. "D'yousuppose we shall get

leave for this, sir? I could do with a month."

"Leave!" The commander withered him. "Not in the least likely. Extra hands are wanted out here; a ship's company without a ship will be just the thing. Unless you are a case of shock, which you don't appear to be from the way you took your grog, I think some one will be able to find you fatigues ashore, Easton."

There was that in his eye that made Tommy Easton retire. He melted into the crowd, and squeezed his way to Courtlands, another midshipman, who was wedged in a warm spot abaft the forward funnel. He repeated the prophecy.

"Well, I can't be expected to take on another job until I get a pair of breeches"—Courtlands was dressed in a flannel vest and an oilskin—"Can I? It'll take a fortnight, with luck, to get new gear from Malta. They'll have to hush me up on the island. I shall live secluded on the hill tops with the goats.—Oh, thanks, awfully!" He accepted a cigarette from a passer-by.

"I hadn't time to strip," Easton said. "It was my watch below. I barely tumbled up in time."

Courtlands glanced at him. "Get clear, all the men below?"

"Most of them." There was a silence between the two boys. "I see the island. Wonder where we shall fetch up. There was a fair serum when I was here last, and since then they have dumped ashore the Lord knows how many more transports full. Tents! My hat! the whole place is tents now, seems to me."

Tents there were, enough to shelter the shipwrecked mariners. The destroyer disembarked them, and shot away again to her station. The sun sank; the beach was chilly. The men were mustered. The Government store produced slop khaki, and a military mess invited the officers to dine off tinned courses.

Later Easton found himself tented with his brother-snotties in an encampment, a southern moon beaming between the flaps out of a still and perfect night. He nestled in his blankets. There was a little desultory talk; then quiet. The day of catastrophe was done; tomorrow would take care of itself. He had recited his experiences to several subalterns of Kitchener's army. He was sleepy.

He slept.

II.

A few mornings afterwards Tommy Easton was frying beef and potatoes on a biscuit-tin lid, over a fire of demolished packing-case, before the door of the tent. The rigors of shipwreck had fallen upon him. The island was congested with great preparations, and nobody had yet had the time, or discovered the method, to reduce the employment of five hundred unexpected arrivals to a system. The deputy harbor-master had culled a gang for buoy-work, medical inspection had drafted the invalids into hospital, a major of Marines had weeded out the able-bodied men of his arm, and

the coal-officer had detached a squad. The rest picnicked in sand, snatching the dubious pleasures of the passing hour.

Courtlands had gone on a foraging expedition for cigarettes. The other members of Easton's mess were about somewhere; but they did not happen to be on the spot when that individual, prodding the beef with a fragment of hoop-iron, perceived his late commander bearing down upon him. The commander had exchanged his blanket for the uniform of his rank; he was shaven; he seemed never to have left the world of ordered things.

"Are you the only one here?"

"Just this minute I happen to be, sir."

"Oh, well." Then—"Oh, you'll do. Do you see that tug? She has been lent from Malta; she has a Maltese engineer and a stoker on board. I've sent the coxswain of the captain's gig and a couple of men off to her. Go aboard and take those lighters in tow—the string that is loading from the tramp with the red funnel—and stand by for further orders."

"Very good, sir."

"You had better draw what you will be likely to want before you go on board. You may be any time in her. See that Hallup has the stores I told him to put in for."

"Ay, ay, sir."

He was gone. Easton fished a piece of beef out and ate it, rejecting the underdone potatoes. He dived into the tent and extracted his blankets. Emerging again, he encountered Courtlands, who had picked up the hoop iron, and was engaged with the biscuit tin

"How filthy this stuff looks! Have you tried it?"

"'M! It might be worse. Sorry I can't stop to dish up, Courty. I'm off. Kiss the boys good-bye for me."

"Off! Where to?"

"I happen to have a command, that is all," Tommy said with dignity.

Courtlands expressed his disbelief emphatically.

"If you won't take my word for it, I'm sorry," Easton said. "I'm not joking."

"Where is she? What is she?"

Easton pointed her out. They gazed at her. She was ancient; she was shabby beyond belief; she had paddle-wheels, and was nearly as broad as she was long. Courtlands snorted; but Tommy's heart had already warmed to her.

"And I've *carte-blanche* to raid the shore pusser for anything I want. It is a bit of all right, isn't it? So long, Courty. This shore business didn't appeal to me, really. Give me the bounding blue ocean."

"You'll end as a pirate if you aren't careful."

"That's not a bad idea. I shall think it out on the bridge," said Tommy Easton.

He shouldered his blankets, and went to harry the storekeeper. Hallup the coxswain was before him, a man of resource and presence of mind, with two stout seamen to bear away the spoils. He had already put in for a fortnight's rum for all hands, for tobacco, sugar, biscuit, matches, and marmalade. He compared his house-keeping list respectfully with Easton's mental notes; and presently, heavily laden, the party left the island.

III.

Here may be considered to begin the individual career of Midshipman Thomas Easton, R.N., master of his fate and of H.M. tug *Bonny Bluebell*. His opportunities were varied, and Hallup was a coadjutor after his own heart. It was Hallup, perhaps, who infected him first with something that is stronger even in the Royal Navy than simple pride of posses-

sion—the itch for any portable property, for any berth, job, or occasion that would go to the greater glory of his command.

They began modestly enough, by discharging the duty to hand of towing the lighters to the mainland landing. Their course was erratic; because neither Tommy nor the coxswain had handled a paddle-wheel tug before. They mastered the elements of her peculiar navigation laboriously, starting with a difference between the bridge and the engine-room, and backing the *Bonny Bluebell*'s substantial stern into a cruiser's picket-boat which was lying alongside the jetty. The picket-boat's crew fended her off with boathooks and hairy arms, and language horrible to hear; but after all it was only because the *Bonny Bluebell* herself changed her mind capriciously at the last moment that they escaped. If she had sat down on the jetty, as she seemed to intend, she must have sunk them out of hand. Hallup twirled the big wheel violently; and Tommy, sweating at every pore, passed on some of the comment that was aimed at him down the engine-room voice-pipe.

It was answered by a nervously amiable Maltese, grimy and voluble, who gesticulated through the skylight. "It was not poss-eeble to go full speed ahead ver' quickly, sar! This is a ver' old sheep, and moves with difficulty."

"She's got to get a move on out of this, Antonio, or you'll know the reason why.—Oh, *keep your hair on!*" This to the midshipman in the picket-boat, who could be heard shrilly vociferating under his stern. "Port a bit, Hallup, for God's sake! She may answer the helm this time."

The *Bonny Bluebell* floundered in the shallow water. Spectators on the shore made demonstrations of delight. She churned for a minute and then lurched

ponderously away, leaving the picket-boat, furious and disgruntled, heaving in her backwash.

"Whe-ew!" Easton said, mopping his brow. "We are well out of that. Now for the lighters. Stand by to pass the tow-rope. Starboard a little. By Heav-en, she's done it again!"

She was bearing down on the foremost lighter, quite unmoved by his frantic efforts to head her off. She proceeded placidly to clasp it to her bosom, and bore it onward in an ample embrace until Hallup's energetic manipulations of the wheel persuaded her to disengage.

Easton spent the next hour in playing the game of catch-as-catch-can, with the lighters elusive and retiring, and the *Bonny Bluebell* as coquettish as an elephant at play. When order was restored, tow-ropes were made fast, and tug and tows were making for the open sea, he consulted again with the coxswain.

"She's so awfully broad in the beam, she ought to be a good sea-boat, oughtn't she? I wonder what speed she has."

"Just three, I should say, sir—slow, slower, and stop. Oh, she wants a bit of handling. Might be best to give other craft a wide berth till we know exactly how to take her. And when it comes to putting these here lighters ashore"—

"Oh, that's all right," Tommy said with confidence. "We'll just heave 'em at the beach and let 'em rip. Keep her on her course while I go below and see if I can get them to raise more steam. That Maltese fellow looks more like a cook than an engineer. I don't suppose he understands her, really."

He dived into the bowels of the tug struggling to recall the engineering he had learned at Dartmouth. He was below some time, and reappeared on the bridge oily, but triumphant.

"The beggar had dirty fires. I've

disrated him, and promoted the other fellow. Now we'll whack her up, and dump our tow ashore, and then we'll stand easy and have a snack."

A beachmaster, built in with cases of stores and ammunition, mule-fodder, and petrol-tins filled with precious water, and harassed by his unceasing labors, saw the *Bonny Bluebell* pounding towards him, with the evident intention of casting herself at his feet on the incoming wave. Catastrophe appeared inevitable, when she stopped her advance with a sudden surge of paddle-wheels, let go the tow-ropes, and then, with the aplomb born of Easton's limitless inexperience, contrived miraculously to evade the forward prance of the liberated lighters. Their way drove them at the beach, where they flung themselves ashore in attitudes of abandon. And before the beach commander, usually a fluent man, could find words to express how completely the way it had been done was the way not to do it, Easton had passed out of call, his first task fulfilled and left behind him.

IV.

Tommy Easton, it is to be noted, was a mere speck in the machinery of great operations. Where battleships are hammering at forts, and transports are pouring troops on to hard-won and hard-held beaches, a seventeen-year-old snotty may well be overlooked. It did not take either Tommy or his coxswain long to discover that in some things they were accountable to no man. They were caught up to any job that was doing, sucked dry of their last ounce of working capacity, and pushed aside again, by people who were themselves taxed to the limit. Their incomings and outgoings were nobody's business.

Hallup was the first to grasp some of the happier features of their position. He suggested roving where the victu-

als grew, and Tommy roved. They drew rations and rum wherever rum and rations were forthcoming, and they bartered bread and tobacco which were to be had without much difficulty from the big ships, for tinned peaches and other delicacies conveyed by the lighters' men, who were occasionally to be found starving in the midst of plenty.

They accumulated ships' stores, too, for the rainy day. The lockers in the after-cabin bulged with canvas, and heaving-lines, and bunting, and paint and varnish—particularly paint and varnish, for which Hallup had a magpie's instinct. Some of their abundance came in ways more or less legitimate; but not all. There was a side of bacon that lost its way between a provision transport and the shore; there was a case of eggs that left a beach at dusk, never to return; there were cigarettes that might have arrived at G.H.Q. itself if there had been no elderly tug offshore at the moment. And Easton lived, like the lilies of the field, taking no thought for the morrow, at many gunroom messes, popping up out of the unknown about dinner-time, and fading into the night as mysteriously as he had come, before the steward, murmuring a formula about half-a-crown, had followed the coffee round to where he sat.

Their troubles came at nightfall. The *Bonny Bluebell* had to make fast somewhere, and it was her ambition to tie up comfortably to one of the big ships and lie snug till daylight. Sometimes she pulled it off at the first shot; but only too often she would bump into the ship's side, and the angry voice of authority on a deck far above would drive her away. It was not so easy to find a berth, and nobody loved her. She wandered wearily, the Ishmael of the night, until she had the luck to strike some milder-mannered refuge. Tommy Easton slept on the bridge—in his sea-

boots, strangely clothed and very damp, his hair uncut, his shirt unwashed—the light sleep of the mariner who is never very far away, even in dreams, from the hazards of his calling.

There came an interval when he was lost altogether to the people in charge of the distribution of freight. He vanished. One day he was at their beck and call; and the next morning he was not. They missed him, for they had lots of jobs for anything that could pass a hawser; but they were too busy to think long about him.

Far out, made fast to a newly arrived and innocent transport, Easton's command was otherwise engaged. The inspiration was entirely Tommy's; but the treasure-trove in the after-cabin had suggested it. The transport commander was possibly flattered by the confiding air with which the *Bonny Bluebell* sidled up to him as he let go the anchor. He saw an ancient tug and a curiously juvenile tug-master, and he smelled the savor of fresh paint when he peered over the side. He had been allotted the farthest berth from the beaches; but he did not connect his position with what he saw below him.

Hallup had attained the height of his desire. He had a whole tug to paint from clew to earring, and as much paint as he wanted to do it with. He had hunted the booty with an enterprise that was heroic, seeing that looting a battleship's paint-store is not unlike rifling a hive with the honey-bee about. The *Bonny Bluebell* merged from rust and battered brown to the loveliest gray. Even Antonio and the stoker painted. They were not sure they knew how when they began; but after a little persuasion with a boat's tiller they learned quickly. Easton basked in the sun on the bridge, as grimy as a sweep, and re-read the last letter from home, more than a month old, in which his mother told

him the second footman had gone to the war, and she was afraid there would be nobody to valet him when he came back. She wished to know if he remembered to change his socks, and whether his servant aired his pillow-cases.

The longest spell ends; and, to do Tommy justice, all that extra tots and encouragement could do had expedited the painting. He did not want to be out of the real business a minute longer than the job in hand demanded. It was done, ready to excite the marvel and envy of all beholders. Besides, the transport had been in communication with sophisticated people from the fleet, and was showing a disposition to ask questions. Easton said good-bye to her politely, and set a course for the principal landing, where the supply craft were clustered thick as bees. There was nothing among them that had even a lick of expensive gray paint, much less the full glory of it from stem to stern.

He made for the break in the cliffs, keeping inside the line of patrols. He could see, behind the coastline, little balloon-like clouds drifting over the enemy's stronghold, and he heard the boom of guns rolling across the water.

Hallup spoke behind him. "Begging your pardon, sir, there's a tramp in trouble. He's aground, or next thing to it, too near the enemy's ridge battery to do him any good."

Easton followed his outstretched finger. A small supply steamer was stationary below a headland. As they looked, an ensign reversed fluttered to her masthead.

"Ashore—wants assistance." Hallup rubbed his chin.

"Our job, I think!" Easton sprang to the voice-pipe. "Fire up for all you're worth, Antonio. If—if you monkey now I'll keelhaul you.—If she isn't fast aground we'll have her out of that before Johnny gets her

range—eh? Dash it all! we ought to be able to handle anything on God's earth by this time. Hope we'll get her off before a destroyer butts in. They're so beastly officious."

There was no destroyer at hand when the *Bonny Bluebell* arrived, thudding at the top of her speed to where the tramp was struggling, like a fly in treacle, with the shoal water round her. The tug threshed about, and backed astern to get close enough to pass a heaving-line for the hawser. Much painful experience had put Easton up to most of her tricks, and he manœuvred her into position in the record time of her years of ungainly service.

His most urgent reason for hurry was soon justified. A ranging salvo fell, one ahead and three astern of the stranded steamer.

"Full astern starboard—ahead port!" He was backing and filling. "Look alive with that line! Stand by to pass the hawser!"

Another salvo plumped into the sea, sending white columns leaping high into the air. Tommy wiped his eyes clear of the wind-borne spray tossed down upon him. A shell, well aimed, crashed through the foredeck of the steamer, but ricochetted overboard without exploding.

Tommy went on giving his orders, Hallup twirling the big wheel behind him. Another shell whistled over the bridge of the tug, while others fell unpleasantly close.

The *Bonny Bluebell*, putting her back into it, strained at the hawser. A mile away the black streak of a destroyer raced toward them. The hawser tightened; the tramp shivered, floated—and surged heavily ahead. Somebody on her deck raised a cheer. The Turks planted a few more shells, but in the shoal water just astern of her as she moved slowly but surely into the safe cover of the headland.

There was the roar of twelve-inch guns from a battleship off the landing, the majestic entrance of a giant into an affair of pygmies. The Turkish battery ceased firing.

V.

Late that evening a stout tug in brand-new gray crept alongside the flagship. A seaman began furtively to make her fast, and Tommy Easton, who was washing his face and hands in a bucket, speculated on what the gunroom mess might have for dinner. Then his heart sank. He could hear the voice of the commander, in whom the impulse of hospitality was only too plainly absent.

"It's no go, Hallup. We'll have to chuck our hand in, and try again somewhere else. Hades, but I could do with a real dinner!"

He dried his hands on a piece of waste, and gazed wistfully at the cruiser. The *Bonny Bluebell* slid reluctantly astern, and as she did so a big man with an admiral's lace and a monocle came out on to the stern walk, and caught the face that glimmered up at him. He looked hard at it for the half-minute before he returned to his cabin.

Somebody megaphoned from on high: "Are you the officer in charge of that tug? The Admiral wants to see you. You are to come aboard immediately."

"My hat!" Easton said. "A collar—I haven't seen a collar since the old ship went. Give me a brush down, Hallup. My goodness, he might have given me time to get my hair cut! I dare say your razor would have managed it."

Five minutes later he stood in the Admiral's cabin. It was extraordinarily clean; and the full sense of his pariah-like existence came home to Tommy Easton. There were people who still lived like this, with fresh linen, and

chintzes on the chairs. He had forgotten them.

"So you have been running a dock-yard tug since your ship was sunk?"

"Yes, sir. I have a topping crew, all except the Maltese; and they aren't so bad if you take 'em the right way. My coxswain is *most* efficient, sir."

The Admiral nodded. "I believe you towed the *Tarantula* off when she grounded inside the bluff this morning. What sort of shooting did the Turks make?"

"They were just getting the range as we cleared out, sir. They registered one hit; but their shells are pretty rotten. It didn't explode."

"And during the time you have been in charge, how have you managed for stores and coal and so on?"

"We managed to get what we wanted, sir. We put in for 'em when we came across 'em."

"Ah! How much paint did you put in for? I don't remember what the allowance for your tug would be likely to be."

Easton opened his mouth, and shut it again. He stuttered. "Of course—of course, things sometimes h-happened to come our way, sir."

"Quite so." The Admiral dropped his monocle, and readjusted it. "Ah, well, paint being barred, is there anything you still want?"

"If we could be sure of a berth at night. . . . My men are at it pretty hard in the day, and we do have to bucket about a lot when I'd like to see 'em turning in."

"Tell the sentry to pass the word to give my compliments to the commander, and say that I should be glad to see him."

The commander entered. The Admiral indicated Easton. "This is the midshipman in charge of the tug you were talking to just now. He has to tie up somewhere, and he is doing sound work. I shall be much obliged

if you will allow him to make fast to us when he wants to, and see that he gets what is necessary, and that he dines here when he is alongside. That all right?"

"Quite, sir."

"Suit you too?" He wheeled upon Easton.

"Oh, thank you, sir."

The Admiral held out his hand. "That was a good piece of work to-day. I think a petty-officer will take over your tug presently, but it won't be because you haven't given satisfaction. You are the right stuff. Goodnight."

It was the end of Easton's piratical *Chambers's Journal*.

career; he knew that as he made his way to dinner. But he forgot that he was tired and hungry, and he trod on air. What a sportsman the Old Man was! What a lot of nice fellows there were in the world! The commander had sent him on his way with a friendly nod. The awful larceny of the paint had blown over; and if that little affair of the transport was guessed at—and he suspected that the Admiral knew more than he allowed to appear—it too had been inexplicably condoned.

He breathed freely, and flung himself into the gunroom, relaxing in the company of fourteen other snotties precisely like himself.

Mayne Lindsay.

THE COUNTRY AND ITS FOOD.

This country has displayed immense and unsuspected powers of adaptability to the needs of war. Several millions of men have been swept from industry and commerce into the fighting forces, and millions more into munitions, without causing any serious diminution in the supplies of necessities and conveniences for our civil population. But there is a limit to this elasticity of industry, and, after the Continental system of conscription had been imposed on the nation, without consideration or proper preparation, the danger signal ran up in agriculture and other staple industries. In his important speech in the House of Commons, Mr. Runciman showed what this excessive depletion of labor had meant. The problem of supplies is harder for us than for Germany. It is complicated by two important factors: the dependence of our people upon overseas supplies of food, and the financial and other obligations we have undertaken to our Allies. Under such circumstances it should have been obvious that any attempt to enlist forces in

this country upon the scale of Continental conscription would be certain to imperil our economic resources. Now, from the beginning of the war, the War Office proceeded to draw men from the mines, the docks, agriculture, and even engineering, without the least regard to the maintenance of the supplies of foodstuffs, or even of the materials required for arms and other military supplies. From time to time formal acknowledgments were made of the necessity of adjusting the supplies of men, munitions, and money. But the authorities of the War Office never treated as serious the last item and all it involved to the fighting power of the Alliance.

The result of this recklessness is now apparent. Mr. Runciman in his comprehensive survey showed the damage done, not at one but at many points. In the first year of the war there was a considerable increase in our effective agriculture. Conscription of necessary labor has now put hundreds of thousands of acres out of use, and will cause a further serious diminution of home

supplies next year. But, important as is the maintenance of home supplies, the safeguarding of our imports is more vital. Transport, as Mr. Runciman insists, is the "key to the situation." Though prices have soared high, it cannot be said that hitherto there has been any considerable shortage of necessary foods for our population. But it is idle to disguise the fact that, if the quantity of British and neutral shipping is not maintained, that shortage may within a few months' time bring want to our doors. There is a bad harvest in America, and we must expect that the authorities there will look closely to their supplies. This compels us to put a large amount of shipping into the carriage of the wheat stored in Australia, a very expensive use of ships. Again, the enormous demands made upon our merchant shipping by the War Office and the Admiralty are not likely to diminish in view of the ever-growing size of our military undertakings. Moreover, much of our carriage is for our French Allies, and the congestion of British vessels at French ports aggravates the situation. These troubles might have been overcome had our shipbuilding proceeded at its usual pace. Knowing from the first the war risks to which shipping would be exposed, and the certainty of the military and naval calls upon merchant vessels, it might have been anticipated that every effort would be made to maintain and to enhance this, the most vital of all our industries in war-time. The lamentable disclosure made by Mr. Runciman was his reference to the shrinkage of our new construction. The actual loss of tonnage in the war is less than might have been expected. But we have allowed our shipbuilding yards to be so starved of labor as to disable them from replacing half of it. Now that the German submarine campaign is being directed with more damaging

effect against neutral shipping, an adequate supply of labor in our shipyards becomes an urgent necessity.

But there are other economies that will conduce to national safety. It will be possible, in regulating consumption, to achieve two desirable objects—first, to get a fuller use of the shipping that is available; secondly, to restrict unnecessary and luxurious consumption. For these purposes it is proposed to set up a Food Controller and to empower him, under the provisions of the Defense of the Realm Act, to regulate the civil supplies of the nation, interfering, in whatever ways he deems necessary, to stop waste, to prevent the withholding of supplies, to fix maximum prices, and, if necessary, to put the public upon food rations. The immediate regulations it is prepared to enforce relate to milling and bread-making (so as to increase the yield of flour), the limitation of milk prices, and a compulsory return of supplies of potatoes. But Mr. Runciman foreshadows, not remotely, the application of larger general powers to regulate prices and consumption. Here he rightly distinguishes foods, the whole supply of which is controlled by the State, such as wheat and sugar, from certain meats and foods, a large part of which comes into the country under ordinary economic inducements. In the former case a fixing of prices would not reduce the aggregate supply. In the latter case it would, if the fixed price was below the price ruling in the world markets.

But Mr. Runciman is naturally loth to contemplate any interference with market prices in the great staple products. For he recognizes that a fixing of maximum prices must involve two great risks. First, it may reduce the supply of the commodity if the farmer who produces it finds it no longer profitable to use his land for this purpose. If a wheat maximum is fixed,

he may put some land out of wheat into other crops where prices are not fixed or are not so low, or into other agricultural uses where less labor is required. This danger could, of course, be met either by putting fixed prices on all sorts of farm produce, or by a rigorous supervision of agriculture, practically impossible to carry out. The second difficulty is that maximum prices involve the "rations" or "ticket" system for the consuming public. Otherwise, the whole available supply in shops will be bought by the persons who come earliest and with most money in their pockets. The poorer classes, who necessarily buy frequently in small quantities, and cannot fix their time of marketing, would find that very often there was nothing to buy. The common recent experience in buying sugar is a hint of the far more serious situation which might emerge as the result of fixing food prices without limiting the amount of purchases.

Mr. Runciman makes an unanswerable case for the urgency of action along the lines proposed. We are disposed, however, to question whether the Government is wise to suggest a Food Dictator. A brilliant name is suggested for the post, but we deprecate the use of a politician, or, indeed,

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of any individual, for a work which finds the nation entirely unprepared, and should only be undertaken by a body of men equipped with full knowledge of the industries of production and transport. If the Government must set up a policy of rations, they had better be careful in their choice of the Chief Rationer. Otherwise his fate may resemble that of a certain Chief Baker of an earlier civilization than ours in a similar stress for food. An equal objection applies to the use of the Defense of the Realm Act. Would it not have been as easy to confer all the necessary powers of Food Control by special enactment instead of extending this definitely military law to civil uses? It is certainly desirable that large and not too narrowly-defined powers should be given to the Food Controllers. But is it necessary or desirable that the powers should be so infinitely elastic as experience has shown the military powers under the Act to have become? In so novel and important an economic policy, involving all sorts of unseen and perilous reactions upon industry, a self-governing country and a representative Parliament ought to be chary of setting up an authority with statutory powers which, when tested in the courts, turn out to be virtually absolute.

AMERICA AND THE TRADE WAR.

The question of American competition after the war is one that should not be overlooked while we are preparing plans to meet German competition. The United States is a country with enormous resources in coal, iron, and other raw materials; with a huge works capacity; and with exceptionally pushful business men. With a large and rapidly increasing population, earning very high wages and salaries,

the demand for goods is greater in the United States, per head of the population, than in any other country. With such a demand, and with the home market protected by tariffs, it is only natural that American industries should make great progress. But the United States has never been a great exporter of manufactures, relatively to population, until the present time, when that country can command ab-

normal prices for its products by reason of Britain and Germany being at war. The Americans are enjoying an unprecedented trade boom, exporting enormous quantities of manufactures to markets which have hitherto been divided mainly between the Germans and ourselves. Having secured such a footing in foreign markets—having obtained such a big share of the world's export business—will the United States yield it up after the war? What are America's real competitive powers? America's resources are such that, *providing she can manufacture and ship cheaply enough*, she might take the lion's share of the world's trade in neutral markets, leaving practically nothing for us or any other nation.

For the fiscal year ended June 30 last, the United States had a trade balance of about \$2,000,000,000 in its favor—that is, the balance of exports over imports. New York is now the world's greatest port, its trade being worth about \$200,000,000 more than that of London, at the present rate. While some leading Americans, such as Henry Clews, express the opinion that the boom will only be temporary, as the nations now at war will again be able to undersell United States producers when peace returns, no less an authority than State Secretary McAdoo declares that it is absurd to think that American prosperity will wane after the war. Be that as it may, the fact is that nearly all the leading American firms are sending travelers practically all over the world, especially into British Colonies and the States of South America, and putting forth every possible effort to make their new trade connections something like permanent. The Americans are also considering measures for the revival of their merchant marine, in order to render themselves more independent of British and German shipping.

The measure of America's success

however will depend mainly upon ourselves. It will be well therefore to weigh up, as best we can, the possibilities of the situation.

The group of trades in which the Americans will offer us the keenest competition, in case they do make any great efforts to secure and retain first place as an exporting nation after the war, will be the iron, steel, engineering, and shipbuilding group. Now here we have a curious set of circumstances. Measured in terms of production, the United States is the first steel country, Germany the second, and Britain the third. In round figures, the furnaces of the United States can make, and the steel works can work up, 40,000,000 tons of pig iron in a year; those of Germany, 20,000,000 tons; and those of Britain, 10,000,000 tons. In exports, or volume of foreign trade, the position is very different. We were always the leading country in exports until the Germans got ahead of us about three or four years ago. America, in spite of her great resources, has been a bad third in the race until the war has temporarily given her the lead. Nearly the whole of America's products have been consumed at home. Over the period 1900-1910 British exports of iron and steel averaged about 4,500,000 tons a year, those of Germany about 3,000,000 tons, and those of the United States about 1,250,000 tons. Between 1910 and the outbreak of the war Germany's exports averaged about 5,000,000 tons a year, ours slightly less, and those of America about 1,500,000. In 1913, the last full year before the war, Germany exported 6,000,000 tons, Britain 5,000,000 tons, and the United States less than 2,000,000 tons.

Now the most remarkable feature of the international steel trade prior to the war was that the Americans went on increasing their works capacity enormously beyond their own domestic requirements—spending hundreds of

millions in new plants and extensions—and yet kept a positively huge proportion of that capacity idle, while Britain and Germany between them took the bulk of the world's export business. If the Americans had been able or willing to sell on competitive terms they could have secured most of the export trade, employed their idle works, and relegated us and the Germans to very inferior positions as exporters. But the Americans took only an insignificant foreign business. How came this about?

The fact is—and this is one of the greatest commercial facts of today—the United States, in spite of enormous resources in coal and iron ore, and in spite of a huge capacity of production and manufacture, is not a country well adapted to compete successfully for export business—or, to be precise, was not so adapted before the war. Except in the case of a few specialties—typewriters, for instance—both ourselves and the Germans, to say nothing of the Belgians, could produce and ship steel goods more cheaply than the Americans. The war will revolutionize competitive conditions, and the question is: Who will be able to produce and ship at the lowest cost after the war?

The reasons why the United States could not compete successfully in exportation were, briefly, these: In that country the iron ore is deposited a thousand miles from the coal. It has to be carried two journeys by rail and one by lake from mines to furnaces. This costs more than 10s. per ton of ore, or between 15s. and 20s. per ton of iron yielded. Against that the distance between the iron and the coal mines in Germany is only about 150 miles, while in our country we have the iron and coal practically in the same ground. We of course import about one-third of the iron ore we consume, but in normal times we can ac-

The Outlook.

tually have the best Spanish and Scandinavian ores landed right alongside our blast furnaces, close by our coal mines, at half the freightage that it costs our United States rivals to carry their own ore from mines to smelters. Here we have coal and iron supplies, blast furnaces, steel mills, and shipping ports practically side by side. As an exporting country our facilities are unique. Although we permitted the Germans to get ahead of us in the exportation of steel before the war, we easily managed to beat the United States.

Now American competitors think they see their chance. It is not merely that they are doing an enormous and exceedingly profitable business while we and the Germans are fighting, but they hold the opinion that we shall be so handicapped by taxation and labor troubles after the war that they, the Americans, will be able to beat us in neutral markets, in spite of their high assemblage and shipping costs. They have the resources in raw materials. They have the manufacturing plants. The only point in question is that of selling prices. The country that can sell the cheapest will get the most trade. Will that country be Britain or America? If our productive industries are to be unduly burdened by taxes, and at the same time have little or no protection or encouragement from the State; if our Government fails to adopt the recommendations of the Paris Economic Conference; and if we are to be hampered by shortsighted trade-union restrictions, then, without a doubt, the Americans will beat us if the Germans do not, and we shall fail to secure sufficient trade to employ our people. But if we have intelligent co-operation between the State, industry, and labor, then we shall hold our own against all competitors. We shall still be able to beat even the United States.

E. T. Good.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

In a conversation about conditions after the war the writer heard some one remark the other day that wealth would not be visibly diminished but that it would be in the hands of a new class. The speaker was thinking of the contractors and manufacturers who are said to be making fortunes. Very likely a new character of some sort, though not a wholly new character we are sure, will belong to Park Lane, and Belgrave Square, and Grosvenor Square after the war. All great epochs change the balance of wealth, and the epoch of the Great War will at least be equal in influence to that of what is called the Industrial Revolution. Incidentally the Great War is carrying an industrial revolution with it. The territorial class, as we know it, may take a further stride down the slope from the heights of affluence which long ago it held alone. But we think he would take a very short view who supposes that the territorial class will surrender its place of influence and repute to some new class. The territorial class may change, as it has in the past, but it will go on. It will do better than go on; it will carry on, for we are old-fashioned enough to think, in spite of the Land Reformers of the *pre-bellum* days (what do they think now, by the way?) that the country gentleman class serves the State with higher public spirit than any other class that can be named. To think that a class which freely acknowledges responsibilities will go under is to credit the British people with less seriousness than they really possess. Perhaps the future necessities of agriculture may require great estates to be split up in order that the land may be cultivated more intensively. The general belief today is that intensive farming postulates

smaller holdings, and it may easily be believed that the safety of the country will require us to produce a very large part of our food at home. But even so there will still be a territorial class—men rooted to the land, influencing the progress of the countryside, setting an example of service in rural affairs, and probably regarding the business of owning land as much more of a profession than it is commonly held to be today. The war has been a great demonstration of the self-sacrifice and vehement sense of duty of the country gentlemen and their families. Nearly all classes of course have done nobly. But among the "press of knights" none commands our admiration more than the country gentleman. Others have gone to the war; he has simply rushed into it.

We have before us a little book called *The English Country Gentleman in Literature*, by Mr. Guy N. Pocock (Blackie and Son, 1s.), and it shows very plainly a continuity of good fellowship and solid and likable qualities. These qualities may have many visible defects and limitations, but when a national emergency comes the good fellowship expresses itself in its highest form of intense loyalty to the community. The franklin described by Chaucer was the squire whom we like to think of as typical—a ruddy-faced John Bull of a man. With such a squire as one of his companions Chaucer set out from the Tabard on his Easter jaunt to Canterbury. In the fourteenth century the pilgrimage was already more of a holiday than a religious observance. "Prototype of the fox-hunting, sport-loving country gentleman of the eighteenth century," says Mr. Pocock, "he [the squire] loved to keep open house and

an ample board. He is a member of Parliament, and a county magistrate; and at session time his friend the lawyer is a frequent guest at his liberal table." Chaucer's description of his hospitality is unforgettable:—

Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous,
Of flesch and fisch, and that so plentyuous,
Hit snewed in his hous of mete and drynke,
Of alle deyntees that men cowde thynke.
After the sondry sesouns of the yeer,
So changed he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich had he in mewe,
And many a brem and many a luce in stewe.
Woo was his cook, but if his sauce were
Poynaunt and sharp, and ready al his gere.

We can see the amplitude of that groaning board when it snowed meat and drink. And the squire understood his food too; his sauces were piquant and his "gere" (plate) was evidently cherished. Such was an early example of the men, with their faults as well as their virtues, who have done more unpaid service for the country than any other class. The type did not change materially till the Industrial Revolution. The vicissitudes in learning were more noticeable than anything else connected with the class. Macaulay's picture of a seventeenth-century squire, half a lout and half a very conscious aristocrat, knowing exactly who had and who had not armorial rights, is famous. The language of that squire was the language of the stables and the grooms. And to this day, though the language of well-bred men has practically reached a universal standard, there are old-fashioned phrases and pronunciations which relate long-established members of

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the territorial class to their old origins —stray phrases and pronunciations in which the highest and the lowest classes meet on common ground. Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley is a more genial and lovable figure of course than the regular type of eighteenth-century squire. He is as much above the norm as Macaulay's picture is probably below the seventeenth-century norm. On the whole the eighteenth-century squire suffered by being made a familiar figure of theatrical comedy. Tony Lumpkin, Bob Acres, and Sir Tunbelly Clumsy are good-natured parodies, but still parodies. Squire Western with his alternations of plethoric wrath and beaming good nature is more true to type. The novelist was more serious than the dramatist.

Of all descriptions of the English country gentleman none is more pleasing than that of Washington Irving:—

John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain, downright, matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humor more than in wit; is jolly rather than gay; melancholy rather than morose; can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a boon companion, if you allow him to have his humor, and to talk about himself; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgeled. In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready. He is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be everybody's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbors' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without

asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defense, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel-play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbors, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honor does not require that he should meddle in the broil. Indeed, he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with these filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den. Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling, even when victorious; and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all that they have been quarreling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends.

We cannot remember that any novelist has really done justice to the unfailing love of animals among country gentlemen, though Fielding has sug-

gested it, and so has George Eliot in her account of the peculiar wrath of the squire in *Silas Marner* when he hears that his horse has been staked.

Mr. Pocock might easily have drawn on *Ivanhoe* for Anglo-Saxon and Norman scenes of country life, on *Westward Ho!* for Tudor gentlemen, on *Tristram Shandy* for eighteenth-century gentlemen, and so on. He has not laid Shakespeare under contribution at all. But, after all, he does not profess to do more than choose a few examples. We should like, however, to say a special word in praise of the delightful scenes in *Tristram Shandy* which illustrate the very friendly and, in the best sense, familiar relations between employers and servants in the middle of the eighteenth century. Here was confidence and mutual affection meeting on easy terms without any injury to respect or dignity.

Tristram Shandy leads us on to a reflection on the probable changes in our own territorial class. Mr. Shandy, "of that ilk," for he lived at Shandy Hall, was partly a country gentleman and partly a pragmatical philosopher, but he was—or had been—also a Turkey merchant. The combination of landowner and merchant was comparatively rare in the eighteenth century. The English territorial class having no absurd Austrian-like exclusiveness in marriage, has continually imported new strains, but till comparatively recent times the importations came from retired administrators, retired soldiers and sailors, and so forth. The fusion of the merchant classes with the landowners is, however, already perfectly familiar. This will of course become more marked, and a very good thing it has been in the past, and a very good thing it will be in the future. The incoming stream of other interests, other knowledge, and other aptitudes is a splendid reinforcement of a more

or less standing class. Nor does the reinforcement come only from one side. If the princes of trade contribute their capabilities, they derive the tradition of responsibility and public service which, whatever the critics may say, has always distinguished the landowners. As an example of other interests bursting in upon the comparative stagnation of a quiet English countryside, we remember hearing of a retired Anglo-Indian Judge who, when sitting as a Magistrate, used to take his notes in Persian—a language he had learned in the times when East India Company servants employed Persian as the regular language of the Indian Law Courts. As for the industrial reinforcement, perhaps we may justly attribute to it the sturdy Radical tone observable here and there among landowners who disown a too rigorous administration of the laws about poaching or an unscrupulous complaisance towards those enemies of the public who encroach upon common rights and rights of way.

We quoted recently from a pamphlet written in 1804 by a squire called Richard Whitworth, of Batchacre

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Park, Salop, about the right of Volunteers to resign. He was indeed a Radical squire of the sort we have in mind. We have other pamphlets by him before us, and we gather that he was continually up in arms against some abuse. He was always tilting at some public authority which had exceeded its rights or neglected its duties. Here, for example, is an essay pitched in the Socratic form of question and answer on the duties of the county in the matter of building bridges. His explanation of the narrowness of the existing bridges is very interesting. The reason was that when the bridges were built all the merchandise was carried to the towns on pack-horses. This worthy squire, indeed, strikes right back, without knowing it, to the Anglo-Saxon obligation which historians call the *Trinoda Necessitas*: the triple obligation of serving in the host, of repairing and building bridges, and of building and maintaining fortresses, or, as we should say, digging trenches. We cannot leave the subject of the reinforcement of the country gentlemen with a better example, or one that offers more reassurance for the changes to come.

THE SECRET OF MARS.

On almost the exact second centenary of the death of one of the world's greatest geniuses, there has passed away a student of science who is bound to leave his mark on scientific literature. Leibnitz, for all his greatness, remained a man full of human traits who could be piqued at lack of recognition, had a proper care of his name, a full appreciation of the patronage of the great, and could even lend himself to advancing the claims of a German prince to the crown of Poland. And mathematics might still have followed

much the same course without him, for his most recent discovery was almost at the same moment independently made by Newton, a fact which led to not a little undignified recrimination. The truth is that discoveries are "in the air." There comes a moment when the way various factors will set can be known by a kind of intuition. Darwin and Wallace are two obvious instances of simultaneous approach to the same discovery; and Leibnitz and Newton were others.

Professor Percival Lowell was a man of another class altogether. In a way, he was associated with the atmosphere that cast up Huxley's memorable controversies with the orthodoxies of his day. Lowell, in postulating life outside the planet, threw a bombshell into the religious home; and he was assailed even more by men who move to religious motives than by those who follow the cooler walks of sciences. How this should have come to pass is of more than academic or antiquarian interest. Even Kelvin hotly assailed those who envisaged a day when life should be produced in the laboratories. Berthelot's manufacture of sugar gave these dreamers the text; but Kelvin challenged the conclusion, to the delight and reassurance of many whose scheme of divine craftsmanship does not include the "creation" of life in a test-tube. Yet, since his day, numbers of organic substances have been made synthetically, and old-fashioned people have had to withdraw to their inner lines of defense against the *possibility* —it is no more—that the thing we call life may some day be produced by a daring chemist.

The bombshell of Lowell was more destructive. Behind the artificial production of life from non-living matter there lies a merely nominal philosophical difficulty and as much religious objection as anyone wishes. The idea of life in another planet challenges the theory of the uniqueness of Creation. And it is but reasonable to expect that such a conclusion would receive cold welcome from the theologian. The objection of the man of science was different. The Schoolmen, oddly enough, had the axiom *miracula non sunt multiplicanda*, and the man of science translates this a little more carefully into a cautious supervision of generalizations of observed phenomena. What was Lowell's observation? Schiaparelli long ago observed on the

surface of the planet Mars a number of strange markings. He charted them, producing maps of Mars; and he called the markings by the non-committal term *canali* channels, which some evil genius translated "canals." There was something of the "canal" about them, and the work of Lowell speedily multiplied the resemblances. By and by, in long hours of observation at the telescope, he discovered numerous new markings. Plotting them, he formed by degrees a highly developed map of the planet. His nightly vigils had the romance of discovery and the remote call that takes men from the comforts of civilization to the poles of the earth, where even the light seems inhospitable. There grew up a symmetrical distribution of the planet. Long lines, many of them double, crossed the surface of the map from one pole almost to the other. They were crossed and re-crossed, met in centers, merged into nebulous, ill-defined areas at the poles. Lowell gave them names—seas, oases, lakes, and so on, for he came to feel that he was, like a Livingstone, assisting at the revelation of the habitation and habits of a new people. He observed not only markings with the strange symmetry of design, but also what soon came to be called "seasonal" changes in them.

They stood out more arrestingly at certain times. Indeed, Lowell claimed that he could trace the methodical and gradual thickening of these fine markings. They grew denser first at the part nearer the pole, and as they grew denser and the thickening crept along from the pole, the "polar cap" faded. From such observations, what easier than to say that water was melting in the snow-capped poles, and as it melted flowing through the channels, quickening vegetation and so on? This step became the easier from the fact that, so far as we know, such a penultimate state must at some time hold our own

planet before it withers and dies like the moon. But, further, Lowell suggested that such a process on Mars was too apt to be accidental; it was contrived, and we were thenceforward placed in the attitude of spectators in the greatest drama of the universe, the struggle of intelligent life against its final and truceless enemy, Nature.

Lowell did not evolve this fascinating body of theory without challenge. It was roughly handled by Wallace, from the standpoint of its intrinsic absurdity. The vast irrigation scheme which was postulated on Mars would not irrigate, he said. But the odd changes did take place, and without finding some plausible explanation of them Lowell could hardly be dislodged from his position. His conclusions formed a sort of circle, and under the stimulus of his hypothesis work was done which is of permanent scientific value. The presence of oxygen and of water on the planet was verified, and naturally these discoveries, which cannot be impugned, strengthened the position of the Arizona astronomer. An interesting explanation of the possibilities of the situation was furnished by Mr. Maunder, who had never believed in the canal theory. He started from the suggestion that the eye insensibly integrates disconnected spots at a distance into lines, and does this more and more under the obsession of fatigue. He plotted a number of dots on a chart and made observers at various distances draw what they thought they saw. At certain distances the dots, drawn as such by the nearer observers, were represented as lines; and the chain of Mr. Maunder's demonstration was complete. Yet how much did he prove? He merely showed that the well-known integrating faculty of the eye could actually find lines in a series of quite separate and distinct dots. He had, however, added this to the discussion: that the argument

from design was not necessary since the symmetry it was introduced to explain was not necessarily there.

Another explanation was furnished by a mathematician who showed that under the law of gravitation some such lines of distortion would be caused by the attraction of the Martian satellites before they at length were lost in the mass under whose pull they were revolving. This was to go back and to admit as lines what Lowell observed as lines. And, of course, it did not wholly impugn the conclusion that life was present, since the water might still follow the naturally caused water-courses. But it swept away, as Mr. Maunder's explanation swept away, the necessity for assuming artifice at work in the creation of the lines. Mr. Lowell held to his theory. His eye could discover the vast intricate system, and in the seasonal changes he saw ripening fields carefully husbanded, and intelligent beings narrowly preserving themselves in being by gigantic engineering works that make all earthly achievement small and trivial. His fascinating if not convincing books showed us these beings, judged by their works vastly our superiors in intelligence, like men warming their hands at dying embers. The bulk of his work became mingled observation and hypothesis, so that critics judged the whole as romance. He was a living example of the peril of hypotheses as he was of their use. Though Mars has still its unplumbed secrets, we know much more of it than if he had not lived and been driven on by the desire to prove his conclusions sound. He turned many stones that might have lain at rest and revealed treasures that might have been lost; and in this way he comes to be a proof of the use of the medieval and modern German thesis system.

But what he ultimately stands for is less the true scientific spirit than

romance making use of empiricism in a way that yearly becomes less common. He was a careful but not a dispassionate and discriminating observer. He is poles apart from Leibnitz and the true scientific hierarchy; but precisely why, it is not easy to say. There is an art about science, a romance it might be called. All the great generalizations are strictly unphilosophical, a venture in the dark, and some of them hold against the revenges of time only by changing the face they turn to the world. The atomic theory obtains still, but in a chastened mood. The disintegration theory of Rutherford was a bold and romantic hypothesis. What divides these from Lowell's theory? All but the precians would say *degree*. There was too much of a leap, too little necessity for making it,

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a too obvious straining at evidence to sustain it in Lowell's generalization. What he held might be true; but he had not the observations to support it, nor did the theory, when announced, throw that retrospective and prospective light on phenomena which the valid hypothesis does. It was perhaps finally a difference of temperament. Lowell's ultimate rank may not be high. He was a hard worker and an inspiring master. Under him patient facts were unearthed which will survive. But he opened a romantic furrow. And some were so persuaded of his justice and dependableness that they even discussed the question of communicating with Mars. But with that the world of men fell back upon sanity, and the secret of Mars remains with it still.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Ten tiny booklets make up "The Owlet Library" and twenty "The Know About Library" (E. P. Dutton & Company), and each of them is supplied with a dozen or two dozen brightly colored pictures, which the happy child possessor can paste into vacant spaces and thus illustrate the brief descriptions of things, places and creatures worth knowing about which the booklets contain. The idea is a happy one, and is calculated to yield both diversion and instruction to little people.

John Taintor Foote's "The Look of Eagles" (D. Appleton & Company) is a short story with a Kentucky flavor, which will appeal to lovers of horses. It tells how an old horse raiser picked out by the "look of eagles" in his eyes the small black colt which was destined to distance all competitors and surprise all observers on the day

of a great race. The story is told with spirit, and, slight as it is, the characters are quite real.

Many are the readers who would feel quite lost and almost indignant if Samuel McChord Crothers did not produce for them at least one volume of essays a year. It makes little difference what he writes about: it is not primarily the subject, but the whimsical style, the quiet humor, and the diverting digressions, not to mention the prevailing good sense, which engage the reader's attention and hold it to the last page. Mr. Crothers's latest book "The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord and Other Essays" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is of the familiar type. Most of the eleven essays which it contains are upon literary themes, though the titles often convey only a faint suggestion of the subject; but the last

two—"The Taming of Leviathan" and "The Strategy of Peace" are meditations upon the great world war. It is unnecessary to bespeak a welcome for the book.

It is the little village of Beulah, somewhere in New Hampshire, which is the scene of Kate Douglas Wiggin's latest story, "The Romance of a Christmas Card" (Houghton Mifflin Company) and it is the minister's wife, with a genius for drawing, who unwittingly sets the romance in motion and designs the Christmas card which is the means of bringing "back home" two youths who have wandered afar. The story is simply and prettily told, after the author's wont, and it has, of course, a happy ending. The Christmas card, which worked the spell, forms a striking frontispiece, and there are several other illustrations, in colors or in black and white, and decorative end papers.

"The Motorists' Almanac for 1917" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is a convenient and attractive handbook edited and compiled by William Leavitt Stoddard and furnished with drawings by Guy Williams. Each month in the calendar is decorated with humorous drawings and furnished with weather predictions after the style of the Old Farmer's Almanac, and also with practical suggestions to motorists about the care and the management of cars. Useful information about roads and cars is supplemented with a variety of motoring quips and jests, in prose and verse.

"What is Your Legion?" by Grace Fallow Norton (Houghton Mifflin Company) is a slender volume of spirited and stirring verse, which conveys a challenge in its title, and repeats it in varying forms in poem after poem. It makes a searching appeal to those who are too absorbed in their

own small concerns to make any response to the great world crisis, or to realize that it means anything to them. These lines, from the opening poem, will serve to show the quality of the verse, its passion and its lyric beauty:

My people, O my people, dwelling far
and free!
Distance is your fortress, distance and
the sea!

The sea spreads its waters—your
thought fares forth and drowns,
And your memory of the old world and
its burning towns.

Distance spreads its safety—your fear
flares out and fades,
And you turn to your towns, your
trains, and your trades.

My people, O my people, crying I come
to you!
Nameless, a sign, a signal,—O listen!—
and a clue!

For I come with songs, with prayers!
With silence in my voice!
The hosts of fate are battling! The
world makes its choice!

Drown not, drown not now, your souls
in the safe sea!

Drown not your mighty love nor your
old victory!

Once we went singing, singing, singing
"Liberty!"

* * * * *

My people, O my people, whose towns
the sea has spared,
O say, what is your legion? How has
your legion fared?

My land, eyrie of eagles whose wings
beat by the sea!
When shall we cry to Belgium, "Our
hearts are with you—free"?

As the title suggests, Sara Cone Bryant's "Stories to Tell the Littlest Ones" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is intended not even for the youngest

readers, but for children too young to read at all, but who delight to have stories read or told to them. The book is as attractive, with its colored frontispiece and jacket, its dozen full-page illustrations and numerous smaller pictures as if it were for older children. Willy Pogany is the artist and he interprets brightly and sympathetically the multitude of stories, songs and jingles which the author, an experienced story-teller, has brought together for the delight of small children.

Certainly no one could be better qualified to write about "The New York of the Novelists" (Dodd, Mead & Company) than Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, the editor of "The Bookman," and it is hard to see how a more fascinating volume could be made on the subject. The separate sections deal with The Cañons of the Money Grubbers; The Mysterious East Side; The Remnants of Bohemia; The Heart of New Arabia; Tea, Tango and Toper Land; and The City Remote and the City Beyond. All of the writers whose tales have centered in New York or whose homes have been there, from Irving, Cooper and Poe to Bunner, Richard Harding Davis and "O. Henry," come within the scope of the volume, and the streets, houses, hotels and parks in which their characters have worked out the tragedies or comedies of city life are vividly depicted. No one who is interested in the New York of today or the New York of yesterday can fail to feel the charm of the book; and forty or more full-page illustrations, from drawings and photographs, bring before the eye the scenes described.

Among the latest books for boy and girl readers published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company are "The Boy with the U. S. Mail" by Francis Holt Wheeler, the eighth

volume of the U. S. Service Series, a book which combines the attractions of a spirited story with a great deal of useful information relating to the postal service; "Dorothy Dainty's New Friends" by Amy Brooks, the fifteenth volume describing the experiences of the lively young heroine; "The Lure of the Black Hills" by D. Lange, an Indian story of the best type by a writer whose personal experiences in camping and hunting have led him to specialize in this sort of fiction; and "The Young Folks' Book of Ideals" by William Byron Forbush. This last is a book of serious counsel upon study, athletics, conduct, and the best and highest things in life, but it is written so brightly and with so clear and sympathetic an understanding of the problems and aspirations of youth that young people who turn its pages are not in the least likely to feel that they are being preached to. All of the books are illustrated: Mr. Wheeler's with forty or more pictures from photographs showing incidents and processes in the handling of the mails; the Dorothy Dainty story with half a dozen illustrations by the author, and "The Lure of the Black Hills" with an equal number of pictures by W. L. Howes; and Mr. Forbush's book of wholesome counsel with a frontispiece in colors by Alice Barber Stephens, and thirty or more full-page illustrations from photographs.

Robert Grant's "Their Spirit" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is a brief, rapid, but intensely interesting record of impressions gained last August by a visit to London, Paris, Reims and the trenches in No Man's Land. As the title suggests, it is first of all a study of the spirit in which the English and French are meeting the great crisis. The only regret which the reader can feel is that it is so brief.



